

Light of Truth

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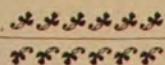
NO. 4.



MABEL ABER JACKMAN.

An Exponent of the
Philosophy of Life.

Bachelor Ratiocinate and Widow Dot Intuite.



BY LISLE E. SAXTON.

CHAPTER XIII.

"Five years have sped by since we established that co-operative household of four through the preliminaries of a double wedding. We have been blessed, and everything has prospered to which we have turned our attention. We have a branch establishment of heaven here in our home, which extends into our society, that has assumed goodly proportions and is a center of ennobling influences. Inharmony has never entered our school, but a oneness of purpose prevails. Our rule of conduct has been: study self fairly for a better comprehension of everything, ignoring no help, not even prejudiced criticisms from those antagonistic; for if one studies in the right spirit, and that, to be profited, some character trait not recognized before may be revealed. Then study the whole, as made up of the parts, to truly estimate the service rendered by each, realizing that some of the best service comes from the timid ones on the thought plane, and through the quiet, harmonious influence, rather than in expressed work; but in time, if encouraged and appreciated for that, they, too, become self-confident and express materially in a way peculiarly their own, yet invaluable. Hence, we permit no dictation in respect to individual service, and expect, after having carefully studied the needs and system of work of the organization, that each one will place him or herself. We try to realize that all are growing children, and will manifest in ways characteristic of this. Consequently each character will have its jagged edges, yet it is no person's duty to trim them off, for if we gracefully outline our own we will be kept busy. In consequence all see the unwisdom of harsh criticisms. We work with a decisiveness that makes it a pleasure, because it fills us with juvenility of spirits, and also insures success. We each connect with the most excellent center, by conduct and accomplishments, even in the minutiae of everyday life, that we can teach, expecting our expressions to place but never disgrace us. None are ever discouraged, because they conscientiously place themselves according to ability, yet never neglect an opportunity to extend the sphere of accomplishments through study and application. We all cultivate the altruistic spirit, but in respect to donating labor or money we are directed to study our position in our home and community to decide whether or not we are giving judiciously, and when it can be wholly an individual sacrifice it is more advisable, as one may deny some special gratification of appetite or dress that is not necessary, and not only help a good cause, but increase one's own soul powers as well. We have what Dot named an Individual Abnegation Fund that is made up in this way, and it is surprising how rapidly it accumulates, though all are not expected to give, for some are so circumstanced that they are doing all they can of this in their homes, yet do not care to justify themselves by making home affairs public. So nothing is expected, but it is tacitly understood that all do what their own sense of propriety defines. We laud no one for goodness or special intellectual

endowments or attainments; neither slight the mediocres, but all are appreciated for the service they render for themselves, and are made to feel that their services are indispensable. We have no saint, we have no sinner. We have no great folks, neither have we pigmies; but we have growing folks. In this way inordinate love for distinction is checked as unworthy, and as the work of the society is arranged, all have a part in some special work at specified times; and as excellent accomplishment is the motto of each one, all hold themselves wholly responsible for their part, and the work is, in all instances, faithfully performed, not for praise or notoriety, but for effectiveness. It is arranged to be a useful drill for all, and each member feels a responsibility in common with the whole. One purpose of the society is to bring out and stimulate the powers of the soul, for ever-increasing excellence of expression in all departments of life, and also to expand the understanding of spiritual and psychic states, to realize the power of externalizing our heaven right here. To have patience to study all experiences for improved understanding and recognize infinite love in all things; so we make it a center to congregate where we give of our best and receive what we need, for we recognize only good. We relegate old age, disease and all infirmities to the realm of outgrown states and consider ourselves as boys and girls of varying degrees of experiences, going on to new lessons with relish and satisfaction.

Very many who at first tried to demolish our society have discovered its excellencies and are now zealous workers with us.

"Well, humanity desires happiness and will seek it characteristic of the ideal; and so soon as we are willing to be one of the innumerable stars in the galaxy of happiness, instead of the central sun, and will illuminate according to its state, then we can fairly estimate and work out another's plans, if commendable, as considerately as our own, and it will not be so exclusively bound up in the excellencies of self."

CHAPTER XIV

"When I contrast my present state with that of six years ago, when Dot came, I marvel over the change. Then I was held by fear, induced by early education, and superstition—credulous belief—from seeking or accepting truth outside the Bible; and then only as interpreted by fossilized divines. In fact, scientific subjects and all others I considered only as I could fit them into the church groove—by the way, a common trait, this, to fit all new presentation of truth into some belief rut, not always of religion, however—consequently, I was intolerant, authoritative and bigoted, and as Dot said, thought there was only one very narrow way to heaven, and that we church people owned; and permitted none to traverse it only as they merged their own personality into one man Jesus Christ—and immolated their love on the altar of selfishness. And if we succeeded in squeezing into heaven after three score years here, we expected to be transcendently hap-

py, knowing there were others who were permitted scarce one score years of preparation, suffering the agonies of a punishment that would be eternal."

"In your small measure," she said, "you were determined we should all mete our truth; and if we dared to demur then you cheerfully and piously (?) handed us over the devil!"

"Dot disclaims all credit for Ralph's and my improved state; but says she came here for this work, and was merely a conscious agent of wise spirits; that she wrote for Grace at their request and that it has ultimated precisely as they predicted, before she, Dot, came. They informed her that Ralph and I were prepared, by the varied and peculiar experiences of our past lives, to enter this field of work as soon as superstition was replaced by fearless reason, which would be soon accomplished. As the old days of tallow candles that indicated such a little way around have been replaced by the electric light, that illuminates the hilltops, the cities and the valleys; so the intellect, too, must leave the old state and illuminate and be illuminated by the truths from everywhere. I rejoice that even selfishness prompted me to establish the bachelor's headquarters with a kitchen to it; that now I know the "gates are ajar," and I, too, can see the heavenly visitants; and in my efforts to render judicious service to the universe of life, and recognize and supply my own soul needs for its continued evolution, I am assisted by them. Dot, malleable is such no longer; but is ever receptive to noble influences, and in turn, is a center of strength for those who are easily moulded, as she was once. Grace, spinster, is proving herself more and more the angel of my life, and unceasingly I bless the day when she came to make us that visit. Our two-year-old Madge—a combination of mischievous Dot and dignified Grace—has completely won me over to babies, and I thank my stars that I have no further use for the title of bachelor.

I have learned that logic is not partial to sex, and quite as frequently radiates from feminine as from masculine brains.

This has surely been a season of pleasant cogitations after business hours; but, as I hear our quartet—Grace, Dot, Ralph and baby Madge—returning from an afternoon's work at the Temple, I will prepare to enter into the enjoyment of a delightful repast and entertaining chat, without any apprehension because of that old intruder that I dubbed—what next?

THE END.

THE HOMES OVER HERE.

(Air—"The Home Over There.")
Oh! think of the homes over here
All burdened with sorrow and care;
Then angels, oh angels appear,
With hope for the darkest despair
Over here, over here;
With hope for the darkest despair
Over here.

Oh! think of the myriads here
All crushed by oppression and wrong;
Dear angels of wisdom appear,
And make us courageously strong
Over here, over here;
And make us courageously strong
Over here.

And help us, ye angels of power,
To tear down the structures of wrong,
While those who are 'prisoned therein
Shall break into raptures of song
Over here, over here;
Shall break into raptures of song
Over here.

We'll work till the joy-kingdom comes
So like to the kingdom above—
Yes, work for the beautiful homes
All lighted with wisdom and love,
Over here, over here;
All lighted with wisdom and love
Over here.

—Lois Walsbrooker.

OBSESSION AND OBSESSING SPIRITS.

Obsessing Spirits Attach Themselves Internally as Well as Externally and Create Obstructions, Tumors, Cancers, Etc.

CASTING OUT DEVILS.

For the past 12 years in my work as a magnetic healer and specialist in the treatment of insanity and obsession, I have delved deep and wide into the cause of disease and have discovered some facts which may be new to many, but have hesitated giving publicity to some fundamental truths for the reason that many people would not be able to comprehend them. But I realize that if I wait for all to comprehend and understand them I will never give them in my lifetime, and that it is best to give the knowledge gained from the spirit world and through a wide experience for the benefit of humanity, that it may awaken thought and create a desire in others for further investigation.

A few years ago I had come to my home for treatment a lady who for 12 years had been a matron in one of the large hospitals in New York, and it was while in the faithful discharge of her duty at this institution in giving an anema to a woman suffering from a very loathsome disease (even after the attendants had refused) that she became poisoned and lingered at the point of death for many weeks, given up to die by the best medical faculty at the hospital. She at last rallied and in due course of time found herself installed as nurse (through the influence of a physician who said he wished to befriend her) to a woman suffering from a venereal disease. This woman occupied a couch in the sitting room during the day, and at night would betake herself to an adjoining chamber, and the nurse occupied her couch during the night. Being of a very sensitive organism she took upon herself the conditions of the patient, and was thus poisoned a second time. Again lingering for a long time at death's door, she finally recovered. She entered upon her duties as a nurse and was the third time poisoned, which entirely unfitted her for future labor of any kind. She tried medical doctors of all the schools. Learned Christian Science at a sacrifice of five hundred dollars in her effort to cure herself, but all to no purpose. From childhood she had an unusually large abdomen and hips. At the time of the poisoning she grew abnormally large very fast from her waist line down below the hips. At the time of applying to me her stomach, liver and kidneys were very much affected, and was subject to dreadful headaches the most of the time. I found on examination there were a great many fungus growths (which had been pronounced tumors by medical men), of oblong shape, lying over the stomach and bowels, in the sides and hips, one end pointing and always attached by a cord-like membrane, which could be easily traced by the fingers to a common center in the abdomen. One day while treating her over the abdomen there was a violent convulsive motion like an effort on the part of some of these bunches to get away from my hand; then it separated into parts, and I could trace one of the parts upward. The patient was soon laboring for breath as though something was choking up the passage in her throat, her face grew purple; lifting her into a sitting posture and rubbing her throat dexterously, in a few moments a spirit, for such it was, who had been working his way upward from the abdomen, controlled her organs of artic-

ulation and said: "I will not leave this woman. I will not leave her abdomen; it is my home in which I have been working for years. You and your spirit band combined can not compel me to leave." I told him he had got to leave, and explained that he was not doing as he would like to be done by, and was retarding his own spiritual growth by maliciously working to injure another. (This patient did not seem to possess any medial powers when she came to me, but soon developed out a good medium.) After talking with this spirit awhile he promised to go away with my band and try to learn and progress out of his low condition. At this treatment five others went in the same manner, with the exception there was not much difficulty manifested in breathing, as with the first, and the bunch, which separated, was entirely gone. From day to day, as three, six or more of these spirits left her (always enough to form a series of triangles) one or more of these bunches separated and vanished until they were all entirely gone, and she was restored to a healthy normal condition and good form. Some of these spirits manifested a great deal of intelligence, and much valuable information was given me. All physicians on examining patients find effects due to certain causes, and he is the most successful (generally speaking) who has a full knowledge of that cause. I often have cases which medical doctors call peculiar and unexplainable, which are easily explained through spiritual laws. These different spirits told me of the several times in the life of the patient when they each had attached themselves internally to her organization and explained their way and manner of working. While others were of a stupid class and seemed to know nothing more than to do whatever the leaders told them. Three of them attached themselves to the patient at birth.

The doctor who attended her mother was a man of immoral principles and was surrounded by a low, unprincipled class of spirits who took advantage of the condition when the umbilical cord was cut to attach themselves to the body of the child.

The conditions of poisoning at three different times furnished these spirits and others who had attached themselves at different times an element, assisted by spirits working outwardly, to build these bunches and to cause obstructions in the system. Three of these spirits were German, French and Italian chemists in earth life, and were materialists, who were interested in chemical experiments into the mysteries and causation of life, and after going to spirit life were experimenting in how to take life. They with others gathered not only the humors and poisons which had been absorbed into the system, but also used certain elements contained in her food, such as butter, grease, meats, pastry, etc., to build up fungus growths, so as to partially stop the several ducts leading from stomach, liver, kidneys, spleen, etc. These three chemists promised me to stop their work, and to help me break the power of and dislodge the other spirits; also chemicalize and absorb the elements they had created. There are only a few spirits compared to the great number who are working evil who can stop their evil work, and immediately go to work and gather a power for good, and undo what they have been doing. But I was cognizant of the help received from these spirits at my next treatment through my clairvoyant powers, sense of touch, impressions, also by the number of spirits who came away, dissolution of

the growths and rapid recovery of my patient. Some of these spirits also controlled the organism of my wife on leaving the body of the patient, and there was one phenomenon always observable with the spirits who were working internally; they could not bear the light while controlling the medium, and often could not open the mediums' eyes at all, while spirits who worked on the outside could open the medium's eyes with ease. A man who had been addicted to drink for years died of delirium tremens; soon after his death a daughter who had always borne good health became sick and had all the symptoms of delirium tremens. The doctors called it a peculiar case and could afford no relief. Spirit obsession explains it all.

DR. A. A. KIMBALL.

10 Porter St., Malden, Mass.

THE NEW CHURCH.

The new Congregational church, corner of Euclid and Logan avenues, Cleveland, is completed and has been occupied for some time. It is built of brown stone, equipped with elevators, electric lights and all modern conveniences. It is more, properly speaking, a family club than a church. It covers an area of 60x120 feet, is six stories high and the only church in the world that has a roof garden. It is also the only church that is kept open every day in the week from 10 a. m. to 10:30 p. m. Within the past six months, which time it has been in operation, it has been most successful and the membership has been more than doubled. Anyone wishing to assist in uplifting mankind, believing in the principles of love, justice and mercy is eligible to membership. All other dogmas and creeds have been discarded. It is strictly a church of good will and pleasant fellowship.

A slight description of this wonderful church would perhaps be of interest.

The basement is occupied by the heating apparatus, the electric light plant, kitchen and bathrooms, in all there are 20 bathrooms, four sprays and four plunges, being equally divided between the ladies and the gentlemen, the ladies' baths being on the east side and those of the gentlemen on the west side. The first is a large and elegant auditorium, seating capacity, 1,400, including the balcony. This is being taxed to its full capacity since theology is no longer spoken of. Only practical questions of the greatest importance are discussed, with 15 minutes devoted to moral ethics before each discourse or lecture, for in this modern, up-to-date church "sermons" are not in style.

On the second floor is the dining room and reception room, as well as the parlor and pastors study, the parlor alone being 30x80 feet, being fitted up in the most modern style. Over 500 people can dine at one sitting in the dining room.

The third floor is devoted entirely to the ladies, in which they conduct their charitable work and have their library and reading room, as well as card tables. This is also occupied by a museum of anatomy, in which young ladies are given practical lectures once per week.

The fourth floor is for the children, is supplied with all sorts of infantile games and a most wonderful and complete child's library.

The fifth floor is for the use of young men, in which there are pool and billiard tables as well as other games and amusements, also a very complete library and reading room. The pastor tells me that it is surprising how many young men now spend their evenings

there instead of at the saloon, as formerly. There is also on this floor a cosy smoking room, but it is not so much patronized as formerly. This is due to the scientific lectures, with demonstrations, regarding the injurious effects of tobacco and alcohol on the nervous system. In this room may also be found a museum of anatomy with lectures given once per week.

The sixth floor is occupied with the gymnasium, giving a space of 60x70 feet for gentlemen and 50x60 feet for the ladies. Each room has a nice bicycle course and both are thoroughly equipped and an attractive feature.

The roof garden is not the least attractive, especially on pleasant evenings when the church band discourses popular and patriotic airs.

I just awoke and found it an empty, hollow dream. Orthodoxy still holds sway to the detriment of mankind.—Time To Think.

SALVATION BY ASSIMILATION.

Uncle Sam's Salvation army is doing a great work among the heathen Filipinos. Parson Otis says: "Now is the accepted time; repent and be saved." Bang! Bang!! Another soul made happy.

Are you coming home tonight?
Are you coming home to Jesus
Out of darkness into light?

Bang, bang, rattetybang; and the report says 100 souls saved. The parson says: "Oh, my friends, why will ye linger outside the fold when the Master stands with outstretched arms ready and willing to show you the way to the golden stairs. Will you not come now?" And the rattle of musketry echoes "Come now." And the roar of cannon says "Come." And the report says "another 100 souls have found the light," and the pastor is happy. He is blessed with a great revival among the heathen, but he says to the bishop at Washington: "Father McKinley, I am converting the heathen by the hundreds, but remember, O father, there are 1,200 of these cursed isles and the wicked heathen are as thick as mosquitoes, and you must send me more missionaries, say 30,000 more, and more converting powder and balls, and we will bring the Filipinos to Christ by the thousands and tens of thousands. And when we have ended our glorious revival services here we will return into our native land, and then, O father, we will convert a few of these striking workmen and bring them to the altar of repentance. We will put salvation into the trades-unionist. We will show the labor federationist that the pearly gates are yet ajar for him and we will see that he enters therein with a mighty rush. We will put a crimp in those heretics and socialists and other so-called reformers, O father. Out of the kindness of our hearts, and also out of the business ends of our guns, we will show them wherein they err. And with our very bayonets we will point out to them the way of righteousness, for is it not written that while the powder holds out to burn the vilest sinner may return?"—The Coming Nation.

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JUST TO FILL IN.

There's lots of people in this world of ours
Who think that others are put here just
to fill in.
And I sometimes guess they're right, as
you will think,
When Gabriel blows his tin.

There'll be John Brown, and Smith and
Jones,
All the fellows—everybody knows;
Old money bags, and rattle bones,
And lots of others. Some, too, who said,
"I told you so,"
Lots of 'em—good bad and all, just put here
to fill in.
You'll see 'em when Gab. blows his tin.

There'll be the man who rocked the boat,
The kid that didn't know it was loaded;
And the lurid girl who coaxed the fire
with kerosene—it exploded!
You know, they're put here just to fill in—
You'll see 'em when old Gab. blows his tin.

There'll be old hayseed from his country
farm,
And the bunco man so innocent of harm;
And all the book agents, who never let up,
Unless you've got a good bull pup.
There'll be the man that slaps you on the
back,
And makes you feel like — but it's just a
little way he has, that friendly tap.
They are all here, you know, just to fill in.
You'll see, when Gab. blows his tin.

And there's the insurance man, with his
wily plan to make you rich;
And the man who collects the bill with
stone face;
A bill you've tried to forget, but only makes
you think "that errors humanize our
race."
There'll be the mother-in-law—a bore
Whose lectures you remember by the score.
You see some think they're put here to fill
in,
And I guess we'll see 'em when Gab blows
his tin.

Then you will meet the religious crank
Who never thinks of your dinner hour,
But talks of your soul 'till your mind's a
blank,
And you think (not of your dinner) but a
higher power—
You think the fellow can't be very wrong—
That he'll be first in the day of song.
But maybe you'll open wide your eyes
When Gab. drops from out the skies.

There's lots of 'em! good and bad,
I can't begin to name them all;
They make the world both glad and sad—
Make the waves of progress rise and fall.
We may think they're here just to fill in,
But who can say until Gab. blows his tin?

H. M. H.

WHAT LIQUID AIR IS.

Liquid air is ordinary air compressed to 1781 of its normal bulk and reduced to a temperature of 320 degrees. It has an expansive force of 2,000 pounds to the square inch. It has a latent force one hundred times greater than steam, and as a motive power is thought to be superior to any known force of nature. As a medicine it is regarded as the most powerful tonic ever discovered, exceeding ozone and oxygen. In cancer treatment it has been used with particularly satisfactory results. It is a recognized germicide, and may come into general use as a disinfectant. In appearance it is much like water, having almost the same specific gravity. It has a slight bluish tinge. A quantity dropped in the hand feels like a gentle cooling breeze, for it is gone the instant it touches the warm flesh. When the finger is held in it a slight burning sensation is noticed, but when the hand is dipped into a quantity of it quickly hardly any sensation is perceptible, for the reason that its extreme cold causes a protecting film of steam to form over the skin, which for a short time protects it. Subjected to longer exposure, the flesh becomes scarred and a sort of a burn ensues which is often many months in healing.

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle that fits them all.—Dr. O. W. Holmes.

DEPARTMENT OF

PSYCHICAL PHENOMENA.

Personal Experiences Proving Spirit Return

MABEL A. JACKMAN.

An Autobiographical Sketch.

I was born in Cincinnati, O., and when but one year of age my parents moved to Illinois. At eight years of age, my first lesson in spirit phenomena was given, and although but a child, it is as vivid in my memory as though it happened but yesterday.

It was through the passing to spirit life of my own sister (a beautiful girl of 14 years) this first great lesson of my life was given. At 2 o'clock at night mother summoned us to the bedside of my sister and never will I forget the look of fear which my mother's face bore as her little family hovered about her knee, not because of the death scare, but through fear and astonishment at the wonderful demonstrations everywhere about the room, on the table, then upon the dresser, then in loud, successive raps upon the door. Sister noticed my mother's troubled expression and said: "I know what it is, ma. I am going to die. This room is just full of angels who are calling me." At this her face was illumined and she passed to spirit life as sweetly as a babe asleep upon its mother's breast. When we asked mother what those rappings meant, she said it was a token of death, and said she well remembered they occurred in the same manner in her mother's family at the time of her mother's transition. My father was a judge and well do I remember how very often he asked me for my opinion as to how certain cases would terminate, and invariably my impressions were correct, if I gave the first one. We did not know why it was or from what source I derived my knowledge until ten years ago, while passing through Topeka, Kas., from Los Angeles, Cal., to New York City on a visit to my father's relatives. I was detained in Topeka, where I expected some very important letters. While waiting I received an invitation to attend a materializing seance. I went with all my orthodox prejudice confronting me (having been reared in the Methodist church) and well remembered how often I had heard the minister say "Spiritualism is all the devil's work," and I, of course, felt I was committing a great sin to investigate the subject, but the mighty facts that confronted me at that seance through the mediumship of William Aber forever set to rest the fear of investigation, for there among entire strangers I stood face to face with a dear angel brother who passed to spirit life in his ninth year. We had been inseparable companions and playmates. Imagine my surprise when he stood face to face with me and said "Good evening, Sister Mabel, you know your brother John, do you not?" His every look and manner were just as perfect as when in the body, his head poised on one side as was characteristic of him, and then as I held his hand in mine he dematerialized at my feet in plain view of the circle of 15 intelligent people. This to me was the grandest revelation of my whole life. It has lifted me out of a narrow path of orthodoxy into a broad field of learning and although I have suffered untold persecution, yet I do not regret

all I am called to pass through, for I am confident I am now doing the world some good, for the spirits well knew when they detained me in Topeka just what they had in store for me, and after I returned to my room that night the spirit demonstrations were remarkable. Immediately after I extinguished the light I heard rapping on the floor. I thought it was the rats. I no sooner thought this than they came loud and successive on the head board of my bed. I then through fear covered my head over. This was no sooner done than the spirit hand of my brother pulled them away and patted me upon the forehead. These demonstrations were kept up about my room until the first dawn of day. The next day I asked for another room. This was given me and I had become so fearful of the spirit power about me that I placed a lamp very near my bed and turned it down, which made just a good light for them to materialize by. At 2 o'clock I was awakened by a voice which said "I am Norman Green, of Wisconsin." I opened my eyes and there right on that chair at the side of the lamp stood a man's head just as natural as life, the large blue eyes staring into mine. I screamed and the head dematerialized. My screams brought the lady of the house to my rescue. I told her what had transpired. She laughed and said, "Oh, you have attended those Spiritualist meetings until they have you completely hypnotized." She implored me to discontinue my investigation and go with her to church and ask Jesus to forgive my wandering away from the fold. This I refused to do and all that summer I remained in Topeka investigating. I obtained a position which brought me thirty-five dollars per week. This I held until the lady who employed me discovered I was attending spiritual meetings when she gave me my choice to either discontinue or give up my position. This I did, and went hungry some times. Finally I was given a good home in the country, about 30 miles from Topeka, where I went and rounded out these heaven-born gifts which have been showered upon me by the angel world until I am now able to receive all manner of manifestations, and for having such a diversity of gifts I have been called to pass through some bitter persecution, but with such noble souls as Bruno, Hypatia and other martyrs of the past, I am sustained and urged to continue on in this work for humanity. This I will do even though the fire be kindled for me.

We need but to read the daily papers to learn the deeper meaning of the hour, and thereby learn that the chaotic state of the church with its disintegration of creeds has much to do with our persecution, trials for heresy, ministers stepping down and out of their pulpits who are joining us on all sides. Naturally they are not all broad enough to accept the phenomena and simply desire the speaking, hence they say, "Let's do away with the phenomena," but we who know what a vast amount of good we are doing, by proving through the phenomena the continuity of life beyond the grave, must continue on in the work assigned us by the spirit world. Looking down from our higher development upon

those below us with charity, pity and forgiveness, continuing on in the work conscious of doing that which will most benefit mankind, and if it is our destiny to be as the lily in the mire, go down and do our work among the slums, there we will take on our divinity, pure, perfect and immaculate, do our work and mingle with those who are the outcasts of society. We will dignify our divinity, as we will uplift humanity by acting the angel there. Then whatever maybe our persecution, love through spirituality will bring solace to bless and comfort us, and the inner light of love which is one with the higher angels and the stars and suns, will illuminate our pathway of thorns, over which we are called to pass, until they take on the softness of down and the beauty and perfume of roses wafted back to us for the good we have done others. Made better instruments in the hands of the angel world by this persecution, may we continue on conscious of doing the bidding of the higher intelligences, until at last we shall have the atonement of love divine by which the infinite comes into the finite and the two blend as one. Thus, by and through these heaven-born spiritual gifts, may we have heaven here in our hearts and claim it now for eternity. Living on the heights, though our feet walk in the shadows, conscious of doing right, keeping the brain and spirit clear, all the persecutions of the world cannot injure us nor mar the general good we are doing. MABEL ABER JACKMAN, 565 North Clark St., Chicago, Ill.

THE CAMPS FOR 1899.

- Onset Bay, Mass.—July 2 to Aug. 27.
 Lake Pleasant, Mass.—July 30 to August 27.
 Queen City Park, Burlington, Vt.—July 30 to September 3.
 Cassadaga Lake Free Association, Lily Dale, N. Y.—July 14 to August 27.
 Haslett Park, Mich.—August 3 to September 5.
 New Era, Oregon.—July 8 to 21.
 Niantic, Conn.—June 26 to Sept. 9.
 Riverside Park, Grand Ledge, Mich.—July 21 to August 10.
 Texas Camp Meeting.—Oct. 1 to 15.
 Briggs Park Camp, Grand Rapids, Mich.—July 2 to 30.
 Nebraska Camp.—July 14 to 25.
 Lake Brady, O.—July 2 to Sept. 1.
 Island Lake Camp, Mich.—July 16 to Aug. 31.
 Maple Dell, Park, O.—July 30 to September 3.
 Vicksburg, Mich.—Aug. 5 to 28.
 Lake Sunapee, N. H.—July 29 to August 26.
 Camp Progress, Mass.—June 4 to Sept. 24.
 Camp Monroe, Ill.—July 1 to Aug. 1.
 Verona Park, Me.—Aug. 4 to 29.
 Temple Heights, Me.—Aug. 12 to 20.
 Etna, Me.—Aug. 25 to Sept. 3.
 Madison, Me.—Sept. 1 to Sept. 10.
 Cape Cod, Harwichport, Mass.—July 16 to 30.
 Mississippi Valley Spiritualist Association, Clinton, Iowa.—July 29 to Aug. 27.
 Friends of Human Progress, forty-fourth annual meeting, North Collins, N. Y.—Sept. 1, 2, 3.
 Ashley, O.—Aug. 6 to 27.
 Franklin, Neb.—July 21 to Aug. 6.
 Chesterfield, Ind.—July 20 to Aug. 28.
 Summerland Beach, O.—Aug. 7 to Sept. 3.
 Delphos, Kan.—Aug. 11 to 28.
 Forest Home, Mich.—July 8 to 29.
 Catalpa Park, Liberal, Mo.—Aug. 19 to Sept. 3.
 Island Park, Winfield, Kan.—Sept. 9 to 25.

MY NAME IS MORTGAGE.

I am the finishing touch to the home.
 I am the last requirement on the farm.
 You may build ever so grandly.
 You may furnish ever so richly,
 You may construct ever so homely,
 You may live ever so poorly,
 I abide with like composure with each.
 Wealth does not embarrass me.
 Poverty does not discourage me.
 I get into correspondence
 With my environments
 And composedly put in my time.
 Patience is my principal virtue.
 Waiting creates my wages.
 I am the invisible man
 Put into the house to collect.
 Those who wine and dine as guests
 Do not suspect my presence.
 But I chalk my daily balance all the same.
 I am great on the farm.
 Abundant crops do not excite me.
 Nor poor ones discourage me.
 I am more industrious than the farmer,
 Though he rises at dawn
 And labors till night,
 For I neither slumber nor sleep.
 No matter how poorly the farmer fares,
 I always farm at a profit;
 If harvests are good I have my share;
 If crops fail I live on the land.
 I go deeper than drouth.
 Hot winds do not blow me away.
 Cyclones do not uproot me.
 Grasshoppers do not eat my substance,
 Nor chinch bugs suck out my vitality.
 I lay in the bank and laugh at the farmer's calamity.
 And when the appointed time comes
 I arouse myself and go forth,
 Armed with the power of the law,
 And swipe from that farmer his
 House, his land, his hope.
 —David B. Page.

We should often have reason to be ashamed of our most brilliant actions if the world could see the motives from which they spring.—La Rochefoucauld.

WHAT THEY ARE

Composition of the Famous New Food.

A widespread interest has been created among good liver, as to the composition of Grape-Nuts, the new food that has come into popular use of late. It has long been known to physicians, chemists and food experts, that the starchy portion of entire wheat flour and barley is transformed into a true and very choice sugar, by the act of intestinal digestion in the human body. This sugar is identical with, and is known as grape-sugar, and it is in condition for immediate transformation into blood and the necessary structure from which the delicate nerve centers are built up.

A food expert of the Postum Cereal Co., Lim., Battle Creek, Mich., followed a line of experiment until he produced the food called Grape-Nuts, of which grape-sugar forms the principal part, and it is produced by following out Nature's processes, in a mechanical way. That is, heat, moisture and time are the methods employed and directed by scientific facts gained in research.

Grape-Nuts are probably entitled to the claim to be the most perfectly adapted food for human needs now extant. Certain it is that the user's delight in the flavor and the perfect action of intestinal digestion during the use of Grape-Nuts is satisfying, and the added strength of body confirms the fact.—Adv.

A MIDSUMMER SERMON.

By Puck.

By its own tale the church is in bad days. Not only are we poor sinners running after strange gods, but the very priests in the temple are turning against their idols, seeking to cast them down and to set up new ones of a strange and fearful fashion. And the keepers of the temple are loath to put them to the door, fearing a revolution that would shatter the temple walls.

The situation is not novel. Periodically, through all its days, the church has had to face it. First it produces heretics; then it expels them. And after a time of protest it moves forward to where the offenders stood. There follows a time of rest, until other heretics push on and blaze another section of the endless path. All thinking has had to be done outside the church, and despite its best efforts to prevent it. Only in strenuous and generally bloody opposition to it have we been able to emerge our little way from barbarism. It has never led, but always followed. It was as eager to uphold human slavery in this country as it was two centuries and a half before to punish the heretic who announced the earth's motions. But for the heretics it has hatched we would have no science, no art, no literature, no justice, no humanity. The Christian religion itself rests upon the teachings of one of the rankest heretics of all time;—a rough, untaught carpenter, a radical socialist who insulted the prosperous, attacked the most sacred institutions of his day, assaulted brokers in the stock exchange and behaved generally in a manner that, were he to try it in New York today, would secure him six months on the Island as an "anarchist."

It should be seen, therefore, that there is nothing in the situation to alarm us work-a-day people who have to get along the best we can. Watching the ever-widening circle that rejects its husks of dogma, the church declares that we are grown indifferent to religion. But this is because it can not see through the wall it always builds around itself at every resting place. To those outside, it is apparent that we are nearing one of those spiritual awakenings that mark history at regular intervals. Even while the self-immured church puzzles as to why its congregations fall off, the people that once composed them are finding elsewhere a rational, working religion that their growing minds demand.

The world seems to be demanding a religion that will help it right here and now. Too long has the church taught man how to die. He now insists that he is worthy enough in himself to be taught how to live. He emphatically rejects all creeds that describe him as a worm of the dust with ninety-eight chances out of a hundred of roasting in perpetuity because he would not let some one else do his thinking for him. He has come to know that there never was such a thing as the "fall of man;"—that man has never done anything but rise. He finds a revelation in his own consciousness to which all written revelation must conform or be thrown aside. He has quit singing that earth is a desert drear and heaven is his home; he no longer sings that he wants to be an angel, "a crown upon his forehead, a harp within his hand." His developing sense of humor has shown him the mythical character of that ridiculous, impotent, revengeful, pomp-loving old barbarian—the creation of a cruel, bloody-minded tribe of barbarians—that the Church has so long scared him into worshipping as God.

He ignores alike its threat of an absurd hell and its promise of an equally absurd paradise. He scorns the revolting imagery of blood that runs red through all its fetichism; and scorns, too, its childish clinging to the grotesque Pagan myths of his creation.

And all this reform has come chiefly from the curious physiological fact that as men grow more highly individualized they grow also more keenly conscious of each other's sensations. To a thinking man it is no longer of any importance whether a whale swallowed Jonah and subsequently regretted the act; whether the sun "stood still" at Joshua's command or whether God inspired a she-bear to eat some children who were unable to control their mirth at sight of a bald-headed prophet. But it is a matter of daily increasing importance with him that famine stalks beside repletion in a world of golden plenty for all; that he should have a full stomach and a warm back while his neighbor perishes of hunger and cold. What he must have is a religion to remedy this and not one to tell him about a good time in a far-off, colorless heaven of crowns and harps. And he is finding it, out in the world, in social and industrial reform; slowly, clumsily, and often stupidly, but surely. He already feels the oneness of the race enough to know with perfect certainty, though we were all "saved" but one poor, sinful heathen and knew that he must suffer eternal torment, that there would never be a moment's peace for a single one of us. Truly we have grown better since Jonathan Edwards discovered "Why the Saints in Glory Should Rejoice at the Sufferings of the Damned," or since the pious Michael Wigglesworth assigned children to "the easiest room in hell" because they would have been bad anyway had they lived. The church may be afraid for our future; but that is the Church's fault and misfortune and not ours. And its anxiety will grow beautifully less when it has caught up with us.—Editorial in Puck July 19.

SUGGESTIONS FOR REVISION OF DIVORCE LAWS.

The Ohio State Bar association at its convention at Put-in-Bay last week listened to an exhaustive address on the divorce laws by Charles H. Pratt, of Toledo. Judge Pratt has had many years experience in divorce courts. He summarizes his views on divorce laws in the following recommendations:

First—I would give jurisdiction to the probate court to refuse license to marry in certain cases where the protection of society or the state might require it.

Second—Either wholly repeal or materially modify and make more definite the seventh ground for divorce. "Any gross neglect of duty."

Third—Provide for review of divorce decrees by the court in which granted, or by error or appeal, substantially as in other cases the right to re-marry being denied until the time for such review had elapsed.

Fourth—Give the divorce court the discretion by its decrees whether the party for whose aggression it is granted should re-marry and the length of time after decree before which, if at all, the right might be exercised.

Fifth—Provide for quasi criminal protections against the wrong-doer.

Sixth—For the designation or appointment of a public officer, whose duty it should be to appear in every divorce case in the interest of the public and prosecute the wrong-doer criminally, whenever either he or the court should consider prosecution proper.

THREE PLANS OF SALVATION—10 cts.

ANTHROPOID APES AND THEIR LANGUAGE.

Professor R. L. Garner, who has spent years in the study of anthropoid apes, their habits and speech, lectured before the Academy of Medicine in this city a few evenings ago on his experiences in Africa learning the monkey language.

About 15 years ago Professor Garner first became thoroughly interested in the study of the speech of monkeys. For some time he observed the animals in captivity in this country and investigated their methods of communication one with another until he was quite satisfied that they have a crude language.

In July, 1892, he sailed for the West African coast, in order to live among the great apes and to study their speech. In April of the following year he entered a steel cage, carried into the dense forest upon the heads of men, and there he lived for 112 days and nights. During this time he saw 22 different guerrillas and learned several of their words so perfectly that he was able to communicate with them to some extent. They showed no feeling save surprise at the presence of a man among them.

During his sojourn in the jungle he had as his only friend and companion "Moses," a young chimpanzee. The animal was most affectionate and intelligent and actually learned one word of human speech, the French word for fire. This syllable he would pronounce with fair distinctness whenever his friend struck a match or pointed out to him the flame of a small oil stove, which was part of the equipment of the cage.

Professor Garner gave a thrilling and beautiful description of his life in the jungle, with the wild beasts of the forest all about him. He pictured vividly the terrible electrical storms of Africa, during the time of which his cage seemed all afire with lightning.

His purpose in repeating the perilous experience is to study still further into the mental qualifications and the speech of the great apes, the gorilla and the chimpanzee, and to educate certain individuals of the species as children are educated in the kindergarten.

CARD OF THANKS.

Editor Light of Truth—May we, through your columns, thank the many friends who have expressed their willingness to aid our "Mediums' Protective Association?" Especially do we thank G. W. Kates, Dr. D. S. White and Frank T. Ripley for their encouraging words. We must live with such men to help us. Our M. P. A. is yet in its infancy, but we are growing daily. Let all honest phenomenal mediums become members thereby protecting themselves in general from pretenders and charm workers. Yours in the work,

HAZEL BIDDEE,

Secretary M. P. A. Indianapolis, Ind.

WHAT IF ALL OF THEM WERE TO DO THE SAME!

Doctor Colles, an eminent surgeon of Dublin, who died in 1843, was remarkable for his plain dealing with himself. In his fee book he had many such candid entries as the following:

"For giving ineffectual advice for deafness, one guinea.

"For attempting to draw out the stump of a tooth, one guinea.

"For telling him that he was no more ill than I was, one guinea.

"For nothing that I know of except that he probably thought he did not pay me enough the last time, one guinea."

SPECIAL

Premium Offer

FOR
Renewals and New Subscribers to the
Light of Truth.

This Company has made some premium offers heretofore in the way of books and pamphlets, but it has remained for this time and place to make an offer which partakes of the nature of an irresistible inducement.

Remember we have been selling most of the pamphlets we now give away.

LOOK AT THIS.

We will give to every person renewing their subscription for one year, and to every person sending us a new subscription for one year the following books bound in paper:

SPIRITUAL SCRAPS,

A compendium of Scientific Research and Experiences by prominent writers. Illustrated. 112 pp.

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AND CONIES;

Or, the Coming Armageddon—
A Dream.

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SERMON ON SPIRITUALISM.

By Rev. Marion F. Ham.

AND

Testimonial to Mediumship,
By Rev. Dr. Jos. Duryea.

THE USES OF WOMAN'S BEAUTY,

By Miles M. Dawson.

GOD,

The Constitution and the National
Reform Association.

One of Willard J. Hull's greatest
speeches.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

*A Miniature Library of Practical
Information.*

SMOKE STACKS AND STEEPLES.

An Address by Willard J. Hull.

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All of the above works mailed absolutely **FREE** to any address to any person renewing or beginning a subscription to the **LIGHT OF TRUTH** for one year.

The **LIGHT OF TRUTH**, acknowledged by the advanced thinkers of the land to be the best Spiritualist paper in the world, together with this list of books **ALL** for **ONE DOLLAR**.

A SPIRIT PHOTOGRAPH, AND AN AFFIDAVIT TO PROVE IT.

"I, Joseph Jeanes, 702 Edgmont avenue, Chester, Pa., do hereby affirm that this photograph is true and came about in the following manner: The shadow, or image, or whatever it is, came on the plate in the developing without any trickery on my part whatsoever. I knew not what it was until I printed the negative and saw the image of a man. I firmly believe that it is a true spirit picture, as the shadow was recognized as being the photograph of a man who had been dead several years."

Joseph Jeanes

Chester July 5th 1899.

*Affirmed and subscribed before me
a Notary Public of the State of Penn^a
residing in the City of Chester
that the above facts are true to the
best of his knowledge and belief*

Charles C. Lark

Notary Public



Believing that credit is due wherever it belongs, the Light of Truth herewith presents a remarkable psychic picture, the plate of which we purchased from the Philadelphia Times, in which paper it appeared, together with the sworn statement of the photographer, in its issue of Sunday, July 9.

It is all the more significant because The Times has been heretofore implacable in its demeanor toward psychical phenomena, its latest crusade being aimed at Mrs. Bliss, whose persecution last winter the Light of Truth thoroughly ventilated.

In expending its money and space in this unquestionable spirit production The Times shows an eye to fair play, if not a change of heart. The following is its account of the picture:

"Here is a real ghost photograph with an affidavit to prove its truth!"

"Joseph Jeanes of 702 Edgmont street, Chester, Pa., a man past 70 years of age, whose integrity is above reproach, is responsible for one of the strangest stories that ever came out of the mysteries of a photographer's dark room.

"On his oath he states that while he was developing a plate a few days ago the ghastly outline of a man long dead appeared upon the negative beside the picture of the man he had photographed, who being a friend of the dead man, recognized him immediately. The results gained were not due to any tricks of the photographer, so common today, and were as much of a surprise to him as they must be to the readers of The Times.

"Mr. Jeanes has taken his affidavit to

the truth of the picture, and as he comes from good Quaker stock it will be accepted.

"This is how the ghost appeared in the picture:

"A man who gave his name as Burnes went to Jeanes' establishment to have a photograph taken. Burnes, who is an athlete, had the picture taken in his athletic togs. The use of the usual acids failed to remove it from the plate, and the exposure was made and the plate was being developed when something white appeared upon the negative mixed in with the background. At a loss to know what it was, Mr. Jeanes threw the plate away.

"'Guess we'll have to try again,' he remarked to Burnes, who was waiting to see the negative.

"The second exposure was made and the same mysterious shadow appeared upon it.

"'Something wrong with that plate, too,' said Jeanes, and he made a third exposure.

"The same shadow appeared like a fatal stain upon the third exposure, but in a less marked degree, and Jeanes decided to print it. He told Burnes to call for the finished picture in a few days.

"Burnes called, and when the pictures were handed to him he looked at the first one and exclaimed:

"'Good heavens! How did that get there?'

"'I am as much at a loss to account for it as you are,' replied Jeanes. 'My dark room is all right. My developer is good. That never happened to me before in all my experience.'

"'It is my trainer,' shouted Burnes, still fearfully agitated.

"'Your trainer?' repeated Jeanes blankly.

"'And he has been dead four years!' cried Burnes, dropping the photograph in dismay and retreating toward the door.

"'Come in tomorrow and we'll try it again to see if the same thing appears,' solicited the photographer.

"'Not if I know myself,' replied Burnes. 'You couldn't get me into that studio of yours again with a team of mules.'

"He darted out of the door and down the street as if an army of spirits were after him.

"Jeanes is serious in saying that the 'spirit picture' is no invention of his. He is very reluctant to talk about it for fear it will affect his business. He says he has lost money on it already. He would be very happy to have anybody satisfactorily explain the phenomenon to him. Until they do he will be compelled to hold the belief that it is 'a sure enough picture of a spirit and no mistake.'"

A NEW CAMP.

In a delightfully pure, sweet atmosphere, 188 miles northwest from Grand Rapids, Mich., a society has been organized and grounds purchased on the borders of a beautiful lake, and a live camp is opened, which bids fair to become a Spiritual Petoskey. Mrs. Mabree was the prime mover and visible inspiration that has thus materialized, and she gave the address of welcome Sunday, July 9, in a locust grove overlooking the lake on the one hand and guarded by a beautiful woodland slope and orchard on the other.

Snowflake is the postoffice and station name, both close by the campgrounds. At present it is a flag station, but will doubtless become an important depot, where all trains will stop, as Lily Dale in N. Y. Dr. Andrew B. Spinney was the orator of the day, and he rose to the supreme height of his intellectual genius, and poured out his great fountains of thought and spirituality and grand sentiment in a resistless tide of inspiration that thrilled and delighted his hearers. His afternoon lecture on the Scientific Proof of Immortality was a masterly effort, as indeed was his forenoon address.

Mrs. Cooley, of Chicago, is expected Saturday and Dr. Knowles, of Grand Rapids, is expected this week. Miss Cora Fuller, of Vicksburg, charms all with her music and makes harmony that invites the angels and they come. Charles Benton, of Central Lake, is the genial president and makes strangers feel welcome and at home. In all such beginnings there are many lessons to be learned and one of the most important is that we are all imperfect and need to bear with each other and overlook all peccadilloes, and cultivate broad, generous lovingness and sink all minor differences in the great cause and common interest and good of all. This seems to be the spirit that animates the managers and promoters of Forest Home Camp.

DR. ANDREW B. SPINNEY

Is the most intensely earnest humanitarian enthusiast that I have ever met. He is doing a herculean work for the helpless, destitute sick, and seems to care nothing for self or gain, except as it can be used for the good of others. I know of no other man who could do the work he is doing. His



THE LIGHT OF TRUTH.

MY LIFE CODE.

J. Marion Gale.

I accept, as a self-evident proposition, that all life must spring from an all-embracing fountain of life; which people in Christian lands generally call God, which those of other countries and religions recognize in their own phraseology.

I accept, as a proposition clearly proven, that our life is immortal; beginning its individual expression in the physical form and continuing it in the spirit form; wherein the soul or immortal life, always manifests to its surroundings, wherever it may be after its personal organization from the great life fountain.

I accept, as a corollary of the above, and also as a proven fact, the immanence of a realm of spirit in all space, peopled by spirits developed from the worlds of primary or physical life organization.

two. From time to time I get satisfactory messages by that cipher. The court will hold that I have good evidence they came from my friend. Suppose that secret cipher still existing exclusively between him and me when he dies, and he, being immortal, sends me messages from the spirit world by the same cipher. If the court and the world are honest, they will say the evidence of his identity is still good—if the cipher has not been violated. Every Spiritualist paper is continually publishing just such evidence, which is authenticated beyond denial in honest truth.

As a matter of course we should look well to our lines of communication with the spirit world, as we do to our telegraph lines here. Notelegraph company employs an operator who is not properly and well trained to sending and receiving messages. When we give the same business attention to our Celestial telegraph that they do we shall hear no more fault found

OUR CITY'S PROBLEMS.

What Shall We Do With the Children of the Slums?—Society's Duty to the Discharged Convict.

In every age, for all people, and sometimes for each individual, there comes questions and problems of good or evil which demand a hearing and an answer. Like the Sybil of old who came with her mystic scroll or riddle demanding for its solution, thus these questions are like barriers which must be surmounted, for they will not vanish, but, unless answered, continue to increase with new difficulties, costing greater sacrifices and harder tasks, for fulfillment.

What shall we do with the children of the slums? This is truly a momentous question, which all large cities and each citizen should consider wisely, for these children for good or evil, and thus their care now is of vast importance. This is not only necessary for their happiness or suffering, but for the loss or gain, evil or good they will cause society in the future.

We will give philanthropy close points culled from a large experience with the children of the poor, and feeling deep sympathy in the misery of the dwellers of the slums.

We commence at the beginning with the first lessons how to bless and cure these evils.

1. Our schools, teachers, M. D.'s and LL. D.'s must teach the poor the meaning, beauty, good or evil resulting from marriage, the laws of parentage, the sin of immorality, the beauty of purity, the blessing of virtue, all leading to a life of Godliness and holiness.

2. The dens, hovels, vices and houses of infamy must be closed, for these breed diseases and death. Children must have exercise for health and for this they need good homes. How can they get these in crowded tenements, or how can virtue, peace and beauty grow there?

3. Teachers and preachers should show the poor the economy of life, how to live, save and enjoy the profits of health; how to keep it, the cost and loss of sickness, and how to avert it and so many early deaths. The poor are improvident and extravagant, paying the highest cost for the poorest food, and they know little of the blessings of life.

4. One great cause of poverty and misery in cities is the curse which comes from the workers in factories and shops; there should be a law made compelling all manufacturers and business men employing many hands to remove to the country for their workmen's benefit and lives of many little children.

5. The tenement is the great evil and should be abolished. There should be a law made that no over-crowding should be in any district. We have now on the east side the startling fact that 365,000 souls (and bodies) are living and suffering, too often dying, in one mile square.

6. We must do more and better with our charities for the poor. With our churches and societies we should strive more to bless them with visits and little aids, gifts of flowers or any kind acts; this would do so much to alleviate their misery, and each person or child can do this, for "a cup of cold water, a tiny flower, with love and kindness so quickly influences and blesses the children of the slums, and the cost is so trifling." Respectfully yours,
SYLVANUS LYON,
Vice-pres't C. M. Society.

There is some satisfaction in knowing that the greatest egotists don't count any more in the census than you do.

sanitarium at Reed City is unlike any other in the world. It is not a money-making scheme. It is for a home for the sick, not only of our faith, but of all faiths, and as far as possible it is made free, or so cheap that nearly all can afford to accept its hospitalities, and the very best medical and surgical skill is equally at the service of the poorest patient as at the richest. He has recently undertaken to establish "endowment beds," which means an endowment voluntarily contributed for the benefit of sufferers who can not pay for treatment, and who must die before they could enter any of the popular sanitariums, and Dr. S. takes all such at less than the actual cost of board and nursing, and gives his own medical skill for their benefit, including medicines.

I am not writing this as an advertisement to help Dr. Spinney coin money, but it is a greatly needed institution, which no other man or firm ever attempted to establish on a strictly humanitarian plan, without any desire to add a dollar to his private treasury, but rather to be all the time giving of his life, labor and energy to help the unfortunates. Oh, if I had that hundred million, how quickly I would make the way easy for all such genuine humanitarianism.

LYMAN C. HOWE.

AN HISTORIC HOUSE.

The historical "Spofford house," on Spofford's hill, Georgetown, is being demolished as it was about confronting its fourth century. It is the oldest house in the town and one of the oldest in Essex county. Here lived John Spofford, and his sons John and Samuel, the first white inhabitants of what was formerly New Rowley, and the founders of a large and widely known honorable family, represented in every state in the Union.

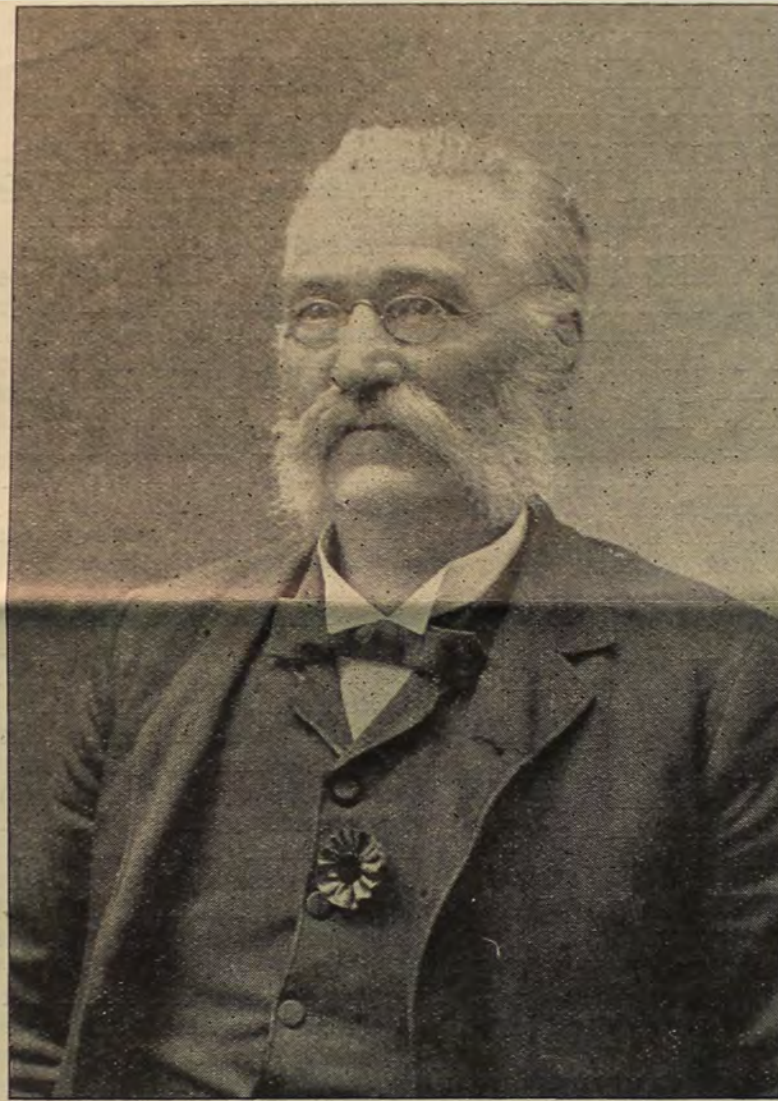
More than a century ago the house acquired historical importance as the first place in New England where appeared the so-called physical manifestations of "modern Spiritualism," a detailed account of which, from the pen of the late venerable Dr. Jeremiah Spofford, of Groveland, appeared some years ago, just as he received it from his father and a dozen other eyewitnesses, including the parish minister, Rev. Mr. Chandler, all of whom testified that a heavy meal chest, together with tables, bureaus, chairs and other pieces of furniture moved with great force and velocity round and round the rooms and back and forth in every direction, even with heavy men sitting on them, without any visible cause.

The phenomenon was witnessed by hundreds of people from near and far for several days, but perhaps the strangest thing of all was the explanation which the Rev. Mr. Chandler gave of it, which was that it was all an optical illusion, and that himself and others did not see the things move which they were ready to swear on the Bible did move.

At the last gathering of the Spoffords at the old homestead the hope was expressed that it might be preserved into its fourth century, and it is not clear why an idea so obviously possible and desirable could not have been carried out. But it has always been a favorite subject for artists' sketches and scores of pictures exist that will, perhaps, for centuries to come, assist the family to recall their old home.—Haverhill (Mass.) Gazette.

An Old Nurse for Children.

Mrs. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP for children teething should always be used for children while teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic and is the best remedy for diarrhoea.



J. MARION GALE.

I accept, as a demonstrated truth, the communication between spirits incarnate and spirits decarnate.

I accept the ethics of the world's philosophy which are proven good by ages of experience; and I recognize, in the divine philosophy of Spiritualism, all that, and much more which is worthy of acceptance; embracing wise rules for progress on right lines of action, now and forever.

I believe that to become good and wise, a true egoist and altruist, to learn to always act rightly, is the grand purpose of finite life; that happiness will follow this as day follows night.

A WORD ABOUT THE PROOFS.

Clairvoyance and clairaudience are in direct evidence of the spirit world, and of the communication of spirits with mortals. We have also much valid, logical, reasoned truth. Here is an illustration: I have a friend starting on a journey. Before we part we make a cipher code, known only to us

with fraudulent reports from the "isles of light in the Summerland." Then will the impatient souls who have been patronizing unreliable mediums find the knowledge they seek; provided they equip themselves in seeking as they would at a material office, in good faith and honest intelligence.

AND THE SAME DAY IT RAINED.

Lock Haven, Pa., June 27.—John Q. Dice, a Wayne township farmer, was here today buying glass for the windows in his house that were broken in Saturday's terrific hail storm. Saturday morning Dice and a neighbor cut forked witch-hazel boughs and went through a series of incantations and witchcraft for the purpose of inducing rainfall. That afternoon the rain and hail came so copiously that all their young turkeys and chickens were killed, growing corn crops destroyed and hundreds of panes of glass broken in their houses.

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WILLARD J. HULL, - - - EDITOR.

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Public apathy is at the root of dishonest officialism.

Wanted—Charity that thinketh no evil, also a few good samaritans. Apply to the mediums.

The United Christian party of America, a national political organization, was conceived at Des Moines, Ia., July 5. It will nominate a full national ticket and make the presidential campaign of 1900 on a platform of four words, "What would Jesus do?" The prospects are that the convention will meet with that of the National Reform party in Chicago on Dec. 23.

It is amusing to observe the shifts to which the rigidly orthodox are being driven. The Andover Creed has been repudiated by vote by the board of visitors of the Andover Theological seminary. They now declare that in subscribing to this creed it should be borne in mind that its terms relate to long-forgotten controversies, and are to be interpreted in the light of that fact, and that it is sufficient if the candidate states the doctrinal views in his own words. Those awful "spirits" have been at work on the learned pundits of Andover, we take it, and a new and strange light has broken through the crannies of that time-honored stronghold of orthodoxy. The next jolt may shift Andover into a school of rational philosophy.

OBSESSION AND HOW TO DEAL WITH IT.

A dispatch says that Secretary Byers, of the Ohio state board of charities, has been appealed to by the authorities of the Adams County infirmary for help. They have a female "demon" there. She is but a girl as yet, but the infirmary managers confess that they are unable to control her. They asked permission to place the girl in some other institution, but inasmuch as she has as yet been found guilty of no crime, Mr. Byers replied that nothing could be done. She must be kept at the infirmary until properly sentenced to some other institution.

Here we have another sample of the stupid ignorance rampant in our state institutions regarding the mental infirmities of patients placed in their keeping. This girl is undoubtedly obsessed and only requires the proper therapeutic treatment, such as hypnotic suggestion, to remove the "demon" in

her and restore her to health. If our insane asylums and prisons were taken out of the hands of the doctors—God save the mark—and a corps of well trained, vigorous hypnotists and psychometrists placed in each one of them, it is not saying too much to place the number of complete cures and restoration to sanity at 75 per cent. as the effect of such treatment. We could fill a dozen pages of the Light of Truth with well authenticated cases of complete restoration from demonology, obsession and insanity, so-called, by means employed such as ought to be tried on this girl. There are two or three journals published every month whose columns contain the reports of the clinics of magnetists who perform cures in mental diseases that have long ceased to be regarded as out of the ordinary.

In view of these facts which are of every-day occurrence and ought to be known by our infirmity physicians and officials, their incompetence and brutal ignorance are not to be palliated for a moment. Thousands of lives are sacrificed yearly in these institutions, take them the country over, that go out for no other reason than the mendacious ignorance and brutality of those having them in charge, and yet not one live man, not one loud voice is raised in protest and carrying with it the cause and cure of the complaints.

Instead of removing their malady the miserable victims are put into straight jackets, locked up in steel cages, pestered by intellectual warts called "doctors" and otherwise maltreated into their graves.

The Light of Truth contains an account this week of the work of one psychic, Dr. Kimball, in this vital department of therapeutics. The jingoes will laugh at it quite likely. Nevertheless it is without doubt a true narrative, and this is one of thousands of like afflictions besetting poor mortality, while the only school of practice capable of coping with them is tabooed and the practitioner either prosecuted or laughed to scorn by the high titled gentry who make their own and the undertakers' business profitable and have laws passed in their interests which literally compel people to die at their hands.

This is the situation in a word, and what are we going to do about it? Nothing. Just go on protesting and pointing out the evil until the people become educated sufficiently to choke off the doctors and introduce into their public institutions and into their homes systems of remedial practice not based on profit and in line with the spirit of the times.

Socialism as an arm of the Spiritual philosophy is to the political and aristocratic world what Spiritualism was to the churchianic world. Socialism is passing through the same ordeal that Spiritualism passed through 50 years ago. It meets like prejudices, like ignorance. Spiritualism has passed the era of agitation. Socialism is in that era. Spiritualism is now in the era of discussion. It's next stage in the progress of reform is that of adoption. Socialism will pass through these stages in their order. They are, as John Stuart Mill said, the invariable stages of all reforms, and however distasteful it may now be the underlying principle of the philosophy of Socialism, the socialization of the instruments of production, viz., land, labor and capital, is inevitable. Lesser reforms, some of them vital, too, hinge upon the adjustment of the fundamental principle.

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"SHIPS THAT PASS IN THE NIGHT."

Under the above heading a series of editorials will be given in these columns during the ensuing few weeks. The various articles will bear upon the purposes of life as they are and as they ought to be. As I wish to speak directly to my readers in this instance, I shall drop the conventional we and address you in the first person.

WILLARD J. HULL.

When men learn to think more upon the marvels of their organizations and less upon the evanescent achievements of their powers, when they realize that dollars cannot buy love and contentment, they will become in greater degree the gods of power and grace. For however greatly we may praise the outworkings of genius the spirit of genius, the thing itself, is far more to be considered worthy of our regard. The divine apothegm, "Man, know thyself," does not imply an idolatrous worship of material achievement, power and profit. If man is always to sink his better nature in the baubles of decaying splendor in order to achieve happiness then indeed is life the giant failure of the universe. Man is to rise superior to his ideas albeit they take possession of him. The man is still better than the flights of his genius. The workman should improve himself along with the quality of his work. Socrates was in Athens one time and amongst the throngs who hung upon his words and his counsel was a certain young man of goodly habit, and when the sage spoke of the gods, man, goodness and beauty, the young man yearned to make his name renowned. He looked about him in the streets of proud and mighty Athens and saw sins to be uprooted, paths to be made straight, the rich to yield something to the poor, and great truths to be implanted. And he said to himself, "Oh, that I could do it all, I would mend the world right soon. If I were rich and famous I would move the world. Alexander on the plains of Phoenicia and Tyre would be for me a type of a loftier ambition!" But this young man did nothing but wait. The world had always been stifled with Macawbers before Dickens immortalized the character. This man who was thrilled by the sage was a Macawber. One day Socrates heard his lamentations and said to him, "Young man, thou speakest as silly women. This gospel of God is writ for all. Let him that would move the world move first himself. He that would do good to men begins with what tools God gives him and gets more as the world gets on. It asks neither wealth nor fame to live out a noble life at the end of thy lane in Athens. Make thy light thy life; thy thought, action; others will come round. Thou askest a place to stand on hereafter and move the world. Foolish young man, take it where thou standest, and begin now. So the work shall go forward. Reform thy little self, and thou hast begun to reform the world. Fear not thy work shall die."

In all the expostulations that ever fell from the lips of man there is none fraught with such vigor and potency as the Pagan admonition, "Man, know thyself." The great apostasy of our day is the barbaric idolatry of riches. With a democracy in theory we are in practice an apeish aristocracy. Life is fast becoming a mere habit of sense perception dependent on appetite. Socrates could not get a hearing to-day and the man of Nazareth were he to appear in the rags of Gethsemane amidst the purple and jewels and incense of any temple that bears his name would be committed to jail as a public nuisance.

Men say the past has done its work in philosophy and religion. We do

ours in piling up brick and stone and glass and iron, and we gild clay with gold. We are greater god-makers than the Grecians who peopled Olympus with their dreams. We bow to the idols of the past and whether it be Lycurgus who made poor provision or Socrates who made great and worthy provision for the advancement of the race, we will construct ourselves in its image, but we will get what we can grasp, whether it be by honest effort or standing upon the bended backs of the toiler, and our Baal, whose prophet is Mammon, must be the greater god and the mightier worth, even as Aaron's rod was mightier than that of the Egyptians.

Thus it is that the natural increment of genius is twisted into a sop to sweeten the gorgon's lips. Thus it is that opportunity for mental study is debarred from the masses, education becomes a misnomer and the commonwealth turned over to the great liars, thieves and barbarians of society.

Evolution and the God of it intended man to be straight, upright, independent and monarch of himself. The earth is saturated with riches, but opportunity is man's will-o'-the-wisp. We have discovered much and while we have sought out many inventions, some of them are very foolish. We have invented the dynamo while our forefathers used a tallow dip, but we have also constructed an industrial system which labels a man, the acme of nature, "a hand." He is frequently numbered, like a prison door. He is a machine who learns to feel proud that he can stand up under ten, twelve or fourteen labor hours a day. He may have a vague idea that he has soul, but the mental gulf that lies between the machine part of him and his soul equals that between the Pleiades and a pick handle. That great and good man, Theodore Parker, tells this story: "A young mechanic, coming into one of our large country towns, and devoting all the spare time he could snatch from labor or sleep to hard study, was asked by an older companion, 'What do you want to be?' supposing he wished to be a constable, or a captain, or a member of the 'great and general court,' it may be. The answer was, 'I wish to be a man.' 'A man!' exclaimed the questioner, thinking his friend had lost his wits. 'A man! are you not 21 years old and six feet high!'"

CONGRESS WILL DULY ACQUIESCE.

The New York State Bankers' association at their late meeting at Alexandria Bay adopted the following resolution:

That we approve and ask the adoption by congress of the following changes in our currency laws:

First—That all the obligations of the United States shall be paid in gold coin, standard value.

Second—That legal tender notes when redeemed by the government shall not be re-issued except on deposit of gold coin.

Third—That national banks shall be allowed to take out notes to the par value of government bonds deposited with the treasurer of the United States at a fair rate of taxation.

Put a pin in the above and stick it where you can see it and then watch the government. The "sound money" people tell us that the government should be kept out of the banking business, but they are careful not to say anything about the bankers keeping out of the governing business.

Rev. E. A. Cantrell, pastor of the Church of Christ of Chicago, has tendered his resignation and will leave the church. We have it from one of the leading mediums of Chicago that Rev. Cantrell has been investigating Spiritualism, and that she has given him several sittings.

THE INQUISITION AGAIN.

Through the persistent and unremitting efforts of the friends of Professor Leroy Berrier, among whom was The Light of Truth, his persecution was exposed and its animus laid bare in such a way that a general public understanding of the infamy of his pretended trial and conviction compelled a rebuke from the president in the form of an unconditional pardon. The same rebuke to a similar piece of judicial rascality has just been administered in a case nearer home, that of Mr. C. C. Moore, editor of the Blue Grass Blade, of Lexington, Ky., who, after a farcical trial, which was as atrocious a travesty on justice as the proceeding in Berrier's case, was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. The president's prompt pardon of Mr. Moore received the most hearty commendation of everybody in his section of the country who knew the wickedness of the swindle by which he was deprived of his liberty.

But the enemies of a free press are still at work, and there is now pending in Cleveland, O., another case of inquisitorial censorship by which an effort is being made to silence criticism and to stifle exposure of political jobbery. Mr. Walter Hurt, of that city, editor of the Gatling Gun, has denounced Mark Hanna and the local machine so relentlessly that the heelers of that district determined to put in motion the lawless methods of suppression so successfully employed to get Berrier and Moore into prison, and Mr. Hurt has been arrested on the false charge of mailing an obscene paper and his trial is now set for September next. The charge of obscenity which the present iniquitous law makes possible in the case of any printed matter is the one by means of which unscrupulous prosecutors may readily excite the prejudices of an ignorant jury, as was done in the cases of Berrier and Moore, and this is the game by which it is sought to victimize Mr. Hurt.

In the July number of the Gatling Gun Mr. Hurt comments upon his case in this way:

"There has been some dirty scheming in connection with my case, and there will be some sensational disclosures during the trial. If my persecutors anticipate anything of a picnic, they are going to be awfully disappointed. And in the end they will get it good and hard right where Rebecca wears her beads. Even though they succeed in putting me into prison, I will remain a factor to be reckoned with for the future—an influence more potent than they imagine.

"There are few people so foolish as to believe that the question of 'obscenity' has any real relation to this case. It is not a matter of morals at all. It is merely an effort to muzzle the press for political and personal reasons. A paper that dares to tell the truth is dangerous to a certain class. The postoffice inspectors bluntly informed me, three days before my arrest in February, that the first and foremost purpose was to exclude the Gatling Gun from the mails by one means or another—that suppression was the object, and that the question of obscenity was only secondary."

Mr. Hurt is forced into a desperate struggle against the most terrible odds. An infamous statute has enabled his vindictive enemies to command all the resources of the government in their work of misrepresenting and outraging him, and he is entitled to the aid and sympathy of all lovers of liberty.

ED. W. CHAMBERLAIN.

For drowsiness read the Light of Truth.

MRS. MABEL A. JACKMAN.

It is not required of a philosopher that he be burned at the stake in order to acquire the distinction of martyrdom. In olden times philosophers were tortured while their philosophy was used for the purpose of inventing crude schemes to increase their misery. Today torture is reduced to a science. Instead of flaying or burning philosophers, men peddle their heart throbs in the marts of trade and exchange. If it be a woman the barter is all the more artistic—and profitable. The woman is the weak vessel, a mere annex to the high lord mogul, man. It is the easiest thing in the world to flay a woman alive and yet see her walk the streets a creature of beauty. The martyrdom of today is exquisite torture without the blundering mob. The sensibilities of society are not shocked by the sight of blood and the odor of burning flesh. All those little inconveniences of the brutish old-time martyrdom have given way to the finish, dexterity and entire respectability in which characters are ruined, aye, souls flched from their clay tenements and made to dance nude and quivering before the imps of knavery.

And when this martyrdom is finished look behind it and find true worth. Useless, needless creatures suffer nothing in this respect. The greater the strike the greater the stake. Where the gown of pharisaic purity is drawn the closest the contaminating person is likely to be the greatest in virtue and nobility.

An autobiographical sketch of one of these latter day martyrs appears on another page and a photograph of the sufferer taken from a life-sized portrait given to her by spirit helpers a week or two ago, is presented on our first page. Mrs. Jackman has suffered and is suffering excruciating torture and yet she pursues the even tenor of her way and goes about doing good. She is a very bad woman, if the opinions of some people are to be credited, and she is a very good woman if the opinions of other people are to be credited—and there you are. We have an odd way of leaning to the good opinions of people regarding a person of whom we know no wrong. In this way we come to see the artistic meanness and calumny with which this lady is pursued.

The Light of Truth is glad to present its readers with her portrait and a sketch of her life. The Pharisees will throw up their hands, the purists will hold their noses—and her martyrdom will go on for a time. The mills of the gods grind slow. The quivering heart, the lonely search for peace, the agony and the tears will cease in time and brighter days will dawn.

Mrs. Jackman we know to be a splendid medium, and with respect to her character we know it will compare quite favorably with that of any person we have yet heard of as her detractor and despoiler. She is building up a large and influential society in Chicago. She enjoys the respect and friendship of a large number of very fine people. That she may have made mistakes in her life is not doubted. None are perfect. But the Light of Truth has reason to know that she is living an upright, simple life, and it will stand by her in her extremity with all the tenacity of a bulldog.

Good or bad, as against the world of Mammon and its unrighteousness, its slander and its greed, we are for our mediums.

Fred P. Evans will spend about six weeks in San Francisco and surroundings. He is on a well-earned and needed vacation. He will return to New York and resume business early in September.

A GREAT CARTOON.

Not for many years has there appeared in Puck so striking a cartoon as that which adorns its center pages in the issue of July 19. The picture represents what it calls "The Last Stand—Science vs. Superstition."

On the left is a searchlight with Rev. Heber Newton pressing a button and turning on the light which is thrown across a moat full against the battlements of a castle on the right bearing a flag inscribed "Mediaeval Dogmatism." The draw bridge is thrown down and pouring out upon it are the representatives of the old-time thought, priests, monks, parsons and others of that ilk bearing aloft various gonfalon, one of which has the legend, "Believe or be damned." These gentry are armed with spears, axes, clubs, etc., and bear expressions of mingled hate, alarm and terror on their faces.

Over to the left in company with Newton stand Lyman Abbott, Dr. Briggs, Dr. Savage and Felix Adler, the latter training a Gatling gun on the draw bridge. This gun is loaded with "history," "archaeology," "evolution," "enlightenment" and "geology." On the ground around the gun are cases designed to represent ammunition, such as "rational religion," "historical facts," "scientific facts," etc., while over the heads of the group is a standard bearing these words "Think or be damned."

The expressions on the faces of these men are those of confidence, integrity and earnestness which bodes no trining with the hordes on the drawbridge. Lyman Abbott appears to be directing the fire. Briggs stands like a statue with arms calmly folded. Savage is engaged in supplying the gun with cartridges and Adler is doing the rest.

Altogether it is the most graphic and telling cartoon that Puck ever got out. Added to it is Puck's editorial which will be found on another page under the caption "A Midsummer Sermon," and which ought to be read and pondered over by every man, woman and child in this nation. It tells the story of orthodoxy's repression of progress and how enlightenment, education and spirituality have beat their way, not in conformity to what is known as Christianity, but in spite of it.

The common council of this city by an unprecedented action last week removed the director of public safety from his office. The alleged reason given was that the official was guilty of gross negligence, extravagance and incompetency in the management of his department. In some respects the situation reflected on the director's personal integrity. But let no one conclude from this that the council is honest or that it was inspired even by a spasm of reform.

Were Director Dusenbury in power to do so he could remove the common council for the same cause used by that body in its snap judgment on him. We are no apologist for Dusenbury, but he is no worse than his detractors. Had he paid heed to the council's clamor for political pie and appointed its henchmen to office there would have been no action taken in his case, but he refused to be run by the council in the matter of official patronage and appointed his own tools to office and laid pipe to mulct the city of thousands of dollars in wasteful extravagance. Hence the "get even" racket played on him. It is all "politics" and the people—well, they pay the freight.

It is best not to worship a hero at too close range. Distance in hero worship is an enchantment not to be despised.

A BIT OF INVENTORY.

The trumpeters are taking stock and blowing the triumphs of the century just closing. They blare away about discoveries, innovations and reforms. We are told of new things in mechanics all the way from a steam pump to an automatic bacillus. We have achievements in science ranging from a fifth moon of Jupiter to vivisection and liquid air. We have improvements in theology, political buncombe and football. Best of all, we have discovered humanity, but the policeman, the soldier and the harlot are at the door of humanity's temple of progress. Dives and Lazarus are at the banquet inside. Yes, we have discovered humanity, but we have not discovered how to propagate children so that they are not robbed of their first right, that of being well born, before they come into the world. Vice, poverty, and ignorance still populate the world because property is the cross of humanity's crucifixion and God crowded into the corners of the social stable.

The greatest discovery of the nineteenth century is the protest against "man's inhumanity to man." Out of it has come the greatest blessings we enjoy. It is a mighty step in progress, this protest against man's inhumanity. Its effect is hardly felt as yet, but as the race grows in charity, which is love, its significance will be seen. The time will come when the worst disgrace that can befall parents will be in their responsibility for malformed, diseased, and poverty-ridden children. The twenty-first century trumpeters will blare a more hopeful message than we hear today. Humanity will, by that time, have descended from the cross. The lords of the earth will be the servants of men, and God will have come forth from the corners.

SPECIAL AGENTS.

Special agents of the Light of Truth at the camps thus far appointed: Clinton, Ia., Prof. Leroy Berrier; Lake Brady, O., Mrs. Mary McCaslin; Lily Dale, N. Y., Asbel G. Smith; Onset Bay, Mass., J. B. Hatch, Jr.; Lake Pleasant, C. R. Bennett; Chesterfield, Ind., Mrs. W. C. Jessup; Lake Sunapee, N. H., W. H. Wilkins; Lincoln, Neb., W. E. Bonney.

These persons are fully empowered to solicit and receive subscriptions and all other money due this company.

POINTS.

Think for yourself, even though you think wrongly.

R. P. Scott, a moneyed man living at Cadiz, O., wants a nomination for congress and proposes that the nomination be put up at auction and given to the highest bidder.

Language was given to us that we might say pleasant things to each other, says Bovee. A good many people employ language to express what they don't think and don't want other people to know.

He learns the best lesson who profits by his mistakes. As the orthodoxy of yesterday is the heterodoxy of today, so the error of the past in our lives is the hope of the present and the wisdom of the future.

Henry Watterson believes that the best way to deal with the Baker-Howard vendetta in his own state is to withdraw the soldiers and let the two families fight it out until they shall have exterminated each other. He says: "When you consider the spectacle of a mother swearing her seven sons to revenge, and consecrating her unborn child to the same dire purpose, the bitterness and tenacity of Kentucky feuds cannot be wondered at."

MISCELLANEOUS.

MONEY, WAGES AND BROTHERHOOD.

By Z. C. Ferris.

Man is a social being, and a true philosophy of life must deal with him as such; for upon this depends the truth or fallacy of all philosophy—its concord with the facts of nature and experience. Although the philosopher may segregate the individual, theoretically, with a view of analyzing his claim, as against the claims of other individuals, or the claim of the collectivity, yet the fact remains that man does not, and could not exist in solitude. As a solitary individual man is inadequate to his own maintenance. Humanity exists as a society or not at all.

The most potent fact manifest in this is that of mutual service, or, rather, social service. Man, as an individual being inadequate to serve himself and exist, humanity, as society serves itself and exists. The fact is that we cannot even imagine a time or a condition of human existence in which the individual factors of society did not work more or less directly for the integral society, and receive their support more or less directly from the collective resource.

The individual working at his handicraft, the product of which he expects to barter for the product of another, may not be aware that he is but contributing his quota to the support of society; and that both the product he gives and the one he receives are more truly the product of society than of the individual, but the shortness of his vision does not alter the fact. The individual as such could neither exist nor produce; in any condition of life and industry, it is society that exists and produces.

A surplus product is the condition precedent to social improvement. For example, there must be food in store in order that the labor may be directed to building huts and clearing ground. This surplus product is the working capital, the instrument of further production. Its utility is in sustaining the working force while further betterments are being created. The question of ownership is out of order here unless production is at an end. In that case, those may rest longest who have contributed most. If production is to continue the capital must be applied to the purpose of its utility—distributed to the workers in timely allowances of provision. This is the natural wage that pro rata of consumable products and uses which each may appropriate. Not until now does ownership arise. Ownership applies to distribution and consumption. Production inasmuch as it is co-operative is a social function. True, the worker may have private possession of his tools and receive his pay for the product of the labor instead of directly for the labor, but society employs and pays him just the same.

We own that which we may rightfully consume or personally use, in amount measured by our earnings through service. Whatever else we may hold possession of is held through the sufferance of society, and in trust for society. The law of property is the law of appropriation, and is governed by appropriateness which is the basis of its sanction. To separate these two kindred ideas, appropriateness and property, is a breach of logic and an outrage of equity.

Money represents the claim of the

individual upon society for its products and servicement, and is the counterpart of the service rendered to society and not yet reclaimed for consumption. It is the option of the consumer. Its utility arises from the fact that production must precede consumption, and its use is to preserve the balance of equity in the interval between the two.

The money itself, however, is not the claim. Nor does the mere fact of its possession constitute a valid and just claim. The claim arises from the fact of service having been rendered, which, in equity calls for equal service in return. The claim exists independently of the warrant—money—and the mere accident of the latter being lost or stolen would not justly invalidate it, nor transfer the obligation of society to the finder or the thief. To do so would not only defraud the rightful claimant, but it would on the other hand be placing a bounty upon mere fortuity and offering a reward to crime. Such a money would, evidently, be a very poor instrument for dispensing equity, and we should suppose that a wise and justice loving people would not tolerate it for a day.

Here we have the tap root of the "root of all evil," and the place where all the evil come in, in that it holds out a seductive reward to all kinds of rascality and crime, as above shown. "No matter how you get it, so you get it, is the legend written across its face.

It is easy enough to get most any man to agree, on Sunday, that money is a great evil, but on a week day he can readily prove conclusively the necessity for a vehicle of distribution. From this the general conclusion is drawn that money must be what is called a "necessary evil," and its perpetual outrage of the ethical sense is quietly submitted to in default of a ready way of escape. Or is it, rather, in default of a wish to escape? Let me suggest that if money is a "necessary evil" we separate the "necessary" from the "evil," discarding the latter while retaining that which necessity requires. Why not? Or is the "evil" end of it the more desirable part?

A vehicle of distribution, a tally of the credit of the individual with society at large. It strikes me that it should be a very simple thing. Especially so since the tally is not the essential part; but the service for which the tally check is given. That is, of course, supposing that we want it simple. A card, a ticket of any kind would do, if it bore a safeguard against fraud; the important thing being to secure the reward to the worthy, and offer no reward to the unworthy nor allure any to become such.

There is a great deal of talk about honest money. When we hear much talk about a man being particularly honest our suspicions are aroused. We know that a really honest man is not aware that he has anything particular to brag about on that score. He is honest as a matter of course or he is not honest at all. An honest money should be in like manner a matter of course. But what is an honest money? Truly an honest money is one that faithfully performs its function of dispensing equity. An honest dollar is one that has been honestly earned. The earning of it constitutes its honesty, and its validity, in fact. Let labor refuse gold, and see its value vanish! That is a dishonest dollar which has not been honestly earned, though it may be made of gold and set with diamonds.

This text is frequently upon the lips of many: "The laborer is worthy of his hire." The question is, what is he worthy of who expects to live off the cream without labor? Yes, the labor-

er is worthy of his hire; we have heard it often and often, and have not a shadow of a doubt of it. Now, let us make the hire worthy of the laborer, and there will be no disgrace in being useful.

The brotherhood of man is an unavoidable reality. We have been trying very hard to ignore it, but find it will not do. Let us "make the best of a bad job," make a virtue of necessity, and recognize the fact. Money and wages have grown up with the race. They are among those things which evolution brings up through hard vicissitudes because she has no use for them in her final plan. One of these days we will all be wage earners; not, indeed, for a stingy pittance, grudgingly bestowed by the hand of another, but for a liberal bounty, ample and meet for a truly civilized life. Then it will be found that the evil is all gone out of our money, leaving all the useful and good.

Z. C. FERRIS.

TRANSITION OF E. O. BALL.

At Las Mochis, near Topolobampo, Estado de Sinaloa, Mexico, on June 15, 1899, E. O. Ball, of 105 South Third street, Brooklyn, N. Y., of enteric fever.

E. O. Ball was a firm believer in Spiritualism; a lover of humanity; an author of no little repute; a great soul, and loved by all who knew him. He was an occasional contributor to the Light of Truth, to the readers of which, his name is more or less familiar. He was prominently connected with the Topolobampo colony, and one of the hardest of workers for its success. The failure of that colony almost broke the heart of one of the most loving souls of our day. He died in the service of the cause he loved. His business in Mexico was to inspect some mines, the success of which meant the devotion, so far as his influence would go, to the cause of co-operative effort, and as he was one of those who expressed their ideas in the Light of Truth, in reference to "how they would spend it" (the \$500,000), any subscriber can estimate the impulses of the man. Humanity has lost a friend in E. O. Ball's death. As a financial reform writer he was in the front rank, his books being distinguished for their lucidity and grasp, and the plain, simple and easy style. To do good was his religion and he was a man who would give his car fare to a beggar and walk. His epitaph is written on the hearts of those who knew him. "Well done, thou good and faithful servant."

R. J. KENDALL.

Wall Street, Colo.

STRAY THOUGHTS.

Purity (temperance) and justice (honesty) are the fundamental principles of happiness (heaven.)

It requires more manhood to acknowledge a wrong than it does to hold to an opinion that is wrong in the premises.

The only wages truly earned are the effects of exertion, for it is through this that we develop the will power needed in spirit for locomotion.

Preaching charity that amounts to a denunciation of its lack in others proves the want of the virtue nearer home. People living in glass houses should not throw stones.

The woman who marries a man solely for his money is a prostitute in spirit. The man who marries a woman for the same is a betrayer, both selling themselves to the devil, metaphorically speaking.

A. F. M.

TELEPATHY PRACTICAL IN BUSINESS AFFAIRS.

How One Editor and His Daughter Save Telegraph Bills and Postage Stamps.

There has never been a time since the universe has had an existence and been peopled with human beings, when those human beings could not have communicated, one with the other, by means of the magnetic current, if they had only known how to utilize that current, says the Duluth Tribunal. But the primitive man, ascending as he evidently did from the lower forms of animals, was not a scientist. About all that he seems to have known was how to satisfy the cravings of hunger and how to provide for his other physical necessities. Electricity is evidently as old as the material universe, and yet the universe had been in existence for millions and millions of years before any human being possessed enough of scientific knowledge to utilize the great natural law of electricity, which for countless ages had "been going to waste" as it were. Indeed, the knowledge as to how to utilize that current was not acquired until little more than half a century ago; and when the facts in regard to the magnetic telegraph were first given to the world, we can well remember how incredulous many persons who considered themselves intelligent and well-informed—even some ministers of the gospel—were as to the whole matter. Some of these "spiritual guides" of the people did not believe it possible that two persons, miles apart, could communicate with one another in the manner alleged, and even if such a thing were possible, they considered that it must be "the work of the devil," and they thought that good Christians should have nothing to do with it, and yet within half a century the discovery of how to use that natural law has revolutionized the world; and today millions and millions of dollars are invested in furnishing the means by which persons hundreds and thousands of miles apart may hold instantaneous communication with each other.

But will the time ever come when we shall have a better, or cheaper and a more expeditious method of communicating with persons at a distance than by means of the telegraph? That some of our scientists are already telegraphing without wires is well known, but it is now being demonstrated that there is a process by which distant people can communicate with each other, which is quite as wonderful as telegraphy and which dispenses entirely with electricity. This process is known as telepathy. The law by which telepathy can be carried on is not as yet very well understood even by the most scientific—no better understood, for instance, than the magnetic current was half a century ago—but that telepathy is a reality and that it will be more generally utilized when we come to a better understanding of the natural law by which it is carried on, there does not seem to be any doubt.

The Rev. Thos. J. Shelton, the editor of Christian, a widely circulated paper published at Little Rock, Ark., in his last issue has a very interesting article on telepathy, from which we extract the following, giving some of his experiences with his daughter, who is his assistant:

"The science of telepathy has been confirmed by the wireless telegraph and telephone. I have been using telepathy constantly for the past ten years, and it is now as natural to me as speech with the mouth. My daugh-

ter and I are in such close telepathic conjunction with each other that we now seldom communicate in writing, though thousands of miles apart. I heal the sick, answer letters and transact ordinary business through her by means of telepathy.

"I will give you one instance out of an every day occurrence. I was in Denver and she in Little Rock. She wrote me there was not enough 'copy' for the printers. I knew it would take from three to four days to communicate by mail, so I sat by my desk and said: 'You will find in my desk three articles, 'Getting Religion,' 'Who Are You,' and 'Half Truths and the Truth;' give them to the printers.' In this same package there were at least a dozen different articles, but she had no trouble in selecting the ones I named. But this goes on all the time until it is as perfect as the word of mouth. If I am absent she seldom thinks of sending me a letter but answers it as I direct by telepathy, and in thousands of cases she has never made a single mistake. In ordinary business, the other members of the family are used to hearing her quote me whether I am miles away or in the next room.

"Now we did not cultivate this; it came to us in the ordinary course of business, and has grown into a regular habit. I am often absent from home (in the physical sense), for I practice what I preach. (I am omnipresent; therefore my office is in me, my kingdom is within me.) I must make this truth practical; therefore I go where and when I please. Every day Edna and I talk to each other, and so we are never separated."

A BLOW AT THE TOY INDUSTRY.

This time it is a little 2-year-old girl, Viola Rossalia Oberlich. The extent of her mental attainments is truly remarkable. There is no charlatanism about it either. Viola is the daughter of Professor Henry Oberlich of Lake City, Ia., and her father has made her babyhood the subject of a scientific experiment. Instead of playing with rattles and jumping jacks and dolls, as other little girls do, she has been given pictures, geometrical blocks, flags, seeds, maps, coins, books and such things with which to amuse and instruct herself.

Professor Oberlich prepared elaborate apparatus for producing an infant prodigy, and he has evidently spent much time in forcing into the baby brain a mass of facts such as many people do not acquire in a lifetime.

Here are some of Baby Viola's achievements: She knows by sight and can name the flags of 25 nations of the world, the portraits of over 100 famous men and women, representing nearly all the schools of thought; the leaves and seeds of a large number of plants, all the prominent colors, tints and shades; all the states and territories of the United States, their capitals; nearly all the countries of the world and their capitals, all the prominent bones, organs and tissues of the human body; a large number of botanical terms, over 500 pictures of animals in zoology, 20 punctuation marks, Webster's diacritical marks, all the money now coined and printed by the United States, both coins and bills, except bills over \$1,000; the sun, planets and satellites of the solar system when represented by an orrery; all numbers not over 1,000 and the pictures of over 1,500 common articles of life.

This infant has at least 3,000 nouns in her vocabulary. When she was 1 year, 11 months and 25 days old, two teachers in the Lake City schools examined her and found that she knew 2,500 nouns.

BITS.

Punishment is lame, but it comes.—Herbert.

Muggins—"Do you believe a woman can stand more pain than a man?" Buggins—"Certainly. You ought to see the shoes my wife wears."

In scandal, as in robbery, the receiver is always as bad as the thief.—Chesterfield.

Mrs. De Cohen—"I hear you've got a very industrious husband." Laundress—"Yes, mum; he's always finding something for me to do."—Baltimore Jewish comment.

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The Editor of the "Nonconformist," Mr. C. Vincent, is one of the "Vincent Boys" who made the first hot fight for reform in Kansas in the latter eighties and early nineties. His face was included in the group of earnest reformers pictured in "Imperiled Republic" that appeared in these columns in the early winter. The "Nonconformist" has a circulation in forty-five States and Territories. Price \$1 a year. Send for sample copy.

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FRED P. EVANS,
THE SLATE WRITING PSYCHIC,

Has taken a vacation until September. Due notice will be given in these columns of his return to New York City.

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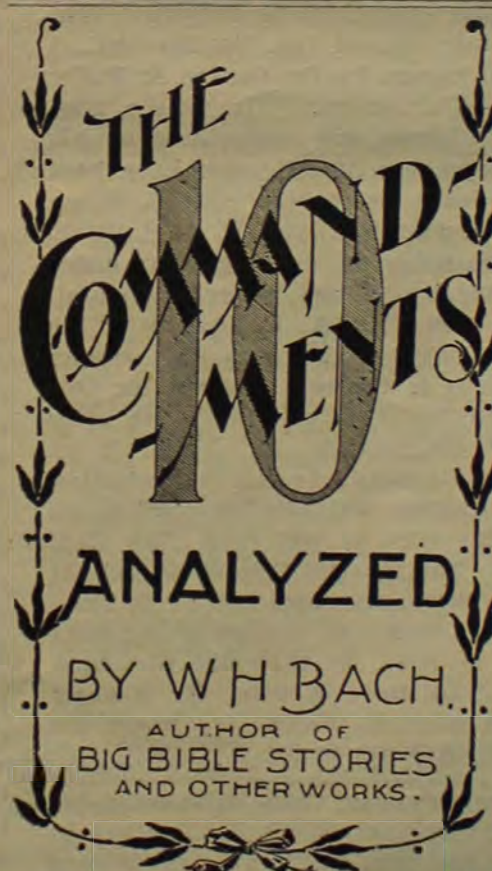
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CORRESPONDENCE

THE FIELD AT A GLANCE.

Mrs. C. B. Bliss is now located at Onset Bay, Mass.

Mr. J. Homer Altemus is one of the finest trance mediums.

July 30 speakers at Lake Pleasant are Hon. A. H. Dailey and Miss Lizzie Harlow.

Miss Margaret Gaule has been the attraction at Lake Brady. Her message and descriptive work are as ever, grand and inspiring.

Ira Moore Courlis, Brooklyn, N. Y., will visit Lake Pleasant about Aug. 1st. He is a good medium and has had splendid success in Brooklyn.

A large lifelike portrait of the late President, Dr. H. B. Storer, has been secured by the Onset Bay association and was placed upon an easel on the platform of the Temple.

As the Light of Truth goes to press the attendance at Lake Pleasant is the largest for the time of year that has gathered on the old camp ground in 15 years.

James H. Ingalls and his wife, Helen Stuart Richings Ingalls, are in Toledo making efforts to establish a co-operative brotherhood organization in or near that city.

The First Society of Spiritualists of Lawrence, Mass., adopted a series of hearty resolutions and presented them to Mr. Victor Wyldes at the close of his labors in that city.

Daniel Bastow, test medium, is desirous of engagements with western societies. He can be addressed at Lake Pleasant, Mass., till the end of August. After that at Whitman, Mass.

Miss Johnson, state secretary, lectured at Kenwood Hall, 4308 Cottage Grove ave., Chicago, last Sunday. Dr. Warne, Mrs. J. O. Weber, H. F. Coates and others also made addresses and gave exercises in mediumship.

Bradley Newell, the Vermont blacksmith healer, has recently been interesting large numbers of people at Lake Pleasant. Mr. Ballard, Mr. Walker, Dr. Henion and other healers will be at the Lake this season.

E. S. Dillon writes from Wheeling, W. Va.: More credit is due to your excellent townsman and trumpet medium, Ernest Stephens, for the great interest which is spreading in our city, and we hail with delight the prospect of his coming visit. I have engagements for him for about two weeks. The public at large should know what a reliable gentleman Mr. Stephens is.

The seventh annual encampment of Spiritualists at Catalpa Park, Liberal, Mo., begins August 19th and closes Sept. 4th, 1899. Catalpa Park is one-half mile south of the town of Liberal. It is situated at the crossing of the Kansas City, Fort Scott and Memphis railroad with the Missouri Pacific. It is 26 miles from Fort Scott, 26 from Nevada, 15 from Lamar and 15 from Pittsburg. Speakers and mediums are D. W. Hull, Mrs. C. L. Ferris, Mrs. Lull, Mrs. S. E. Tripp, H. B. Allen, Mrs. Anna Sheehan, Mrs. Alice M. Walser, Miss Eva Johns.

Sara C. Scovell writes with reference to the Joplin, Mo., spiritual work: Our efforts have been amply rewarded by the spiritual success we have had and the influence wielded by our society and our work as leader. We closed our meetings two weeks ago on account of necessary repairs to the Joplin Opera House, where we held service every Sunday morning. As soon as the house is ready we will re-

sume again. We have a nucleus toward a building fund in our treasury, and we hope soon to meet under our "own vine and fig tree." Arrangements are being perfected for meetings at Lakeside Park during the heated term. Several good workers in the cause have been secured and will speak and give tests from Sunday to Sunday. Good music will assist in the inspiration and add to the interest of the occasion.

The Times-Herald of Grand Rapids, Mich., says: "Enthusiasm is running high now at Briggs' Park, where the Spiritualist camp meeting is being held, and Mrs. Isa Wilson Kayner, the celebrated business and test medium of Chicago, is the cause of it all. In her work Mrs. Kayner is guided by the spirit of an ancient fire-worshiper named Ashka, and while under its influence performs some remarkable feats. For instance, while conversing with two reporters yesterday, she seized the globe from a burning lamp, after invoking Ashka, caressed the fiery glass, pressed it to her cheek and lips without exhibiting the least evidence of pain. But this is not a marker to the wonderful feats this medium performs while under the spell of Ashka. Next Sunday evening she will publicly hold her hand in seething flames, will pass \$5 and \$10 bills through these flames without even discoloring them, and will hold various combustible articles in the fire without ignition taking place."

Greeting from Onset, July, 1899.—I write to say that this camp has opened under the most auspicious circumstances. There are more cottages opened and a larger attendance of the meetings than there has been for the last few years. The weather is all that can be desired, the bathing and fishing in their prime, and take it all together everything is delightful. The meetings opened last Sunday with a grand lecture by Dr. George A. Fuller upon "Cultivation." It was a masterly address and appreciated by all. The speakers of the week have been Mrs. Juliet Yeaw, Mrs. Kate R. Stiles, Mrs. C. Fannie Allyn, Mr. A. P. Blinn, and Saturday the meetings were under the auspices of the Veteran Spiritualist Union. Mr. A. J. Maxham is the sweet singer of the camp. Mr. Homer Altemus is the test medium for this month for the meetings. He gives great satisfaction. Dr. Fuller is an ideal chairman; he has no favorites. The steamer Martha's Vineyard makes regular trips to and from New Bedford. The steamer Genevieve and the little Siren run regular trips to Monument beach, and visitors to the camp will do well to patronize the same. The book store is under the management of J. B. Hatch, Jr., where the Light of Truth is for sale.—Hatch.

Camp Canyon, Colo.—It is estimated that there are 50,000 Spiritualists in Colorado, and while we are blessed with many gifted ones who enable us to communicate with the angel world, there has until now been no effort to procure a general headquarters—a camping ground, an outing place. Through the business tact of George Taylor of Denver such a site has been secured, situated 27 miles from Denver, four miles from Boulder. Four hundred and eighty acres of land have been secured, comprising a mile or more of this sublime Canyon. It is certainly a wonderful exhibition of the magnificence and vast, rugged grandeur of nature. A camp meeting is now in session, commencing July 9th. Able addresses by Profs. Walrond and Mansfield of Denver. During the week eminent healers have arrived, also Mrs. Jeffreys and her twin

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daughters Daisy and Lily, only nine years, old, whose exquisite singing, natural acting and graceful dancing, gave an irresistible fascination to all in the audience. Rev. W. E. Mansfield, a gifted psychometrist, clairvoyant and message medium, gave fine illustrations of his delineative power. We believe that this movement, now in its very inception, will receive the encouragement and support of all lovers of the angel world, and that Canyon Camp will soon be enrolled among the shrines where angels will love to linger.—J. M. Clarke.

The camp meeting conducted by the First Progressive Spiritual society of Watertown, N. Y., and held at Glen Park, June 17 to 25, was a success in every particular. All expenses incurred for its management were nicely cleared with the gate receipts, while enough good can not be said of the general impression left with the public. None but the most earnest and competent mediums and speakers took part in the services, with the result that their work is being felt all over northern New York, the most favorable accounts of which reach us every day. The attendance was always large, some days reaching 1,700. Not a day passed but that a number of orthodox ministers could be seen in the audience, listening with the greatest attention to the subject being discussed on the platform. Never since Spiritualism has been known in northern New York has Christianity (especially the secular press) made so many concessions in our favor. The demand for private work increased as time went by, and kept Mrs. Amanda Coffman, Mrs. E. W. Sprague and Mrs. Kayner busy all of the time. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sprague, Mrs. Amanda L. Coffman, Mrs. Isa Wilson Kayner, Mrs. H. M. Baker, Mrs. Maggie Waite and Mrs. S. Augusta Armstrong held the platform at different times, and for the time being and ever since made Spiritualism an all-absorbing topic of conversation among all classes. Probably this camp meeting was a novelty on account of its being the first ever held in that vicinity, but too much good has come of it for the novelty to ever wear off, and every means will be taken to organize a permanent camp.—Cor.

Lake Brady camp meeting notes under date of July 13th are as follows:

Mrs. Carrie E. S. Twing closed her engagement here by giving one of her inimitable "Ichabod" seances for the benefit of the Lake Brady association. The seance was well attended and all She was assisted by Dr. Nellie C. Mosier. The seance was well attended and all present received some evidence of spirit return.

Sunday the attendance was exceptionally large. The names of Oscar Edgerly as speaker and Maggie Gaule as test medium being the attractions. Mr. Edgerly's inspirations are of the highest. He is used, while entranced, by different controls. Miss Gaule suc-

College of Fine Forces.

(Formerly New York College of Magnetism). The students of this college represent four continents, and half of them are physicians, medical professors, or clergymen. Hudson Tuttle, the well-known author, calls this college "An institute of refined therapeutics, which is fast becoming of world-wide fame, and attracting students from many countries. It builds on exact science, and includes the magnetic, electric, chemical, solar, and spiritual forces which underlie everything. Its course can be taken at home, and a diploma conferring the title of D. M. (Doctor of Magnetism) granted. Dr. Babbitt is author of several books on the subject.

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ceeded in convincing many people of the presence of their spirit friends.

Mr. George C. Day, speaker and test medium, is now with us, and we hope will continue till the close of camp.

Dr. William Sheperd of Wittsburg, who now seems to have almost taken the place of the once famous Father Mullinger as a healer, is now with us for a short rest.

Memorial services were celebrated yesterday. The floral offerings were beautiful, and several mediums described spirit friends present.

The Children's Progressive Lyceum is one of the attractive features of the camp. We give our first entertainment this evening.

Mr. Day and Miss Gaule were called to Akron to give a seance last evening.

A hack load of Lake Bradyites visited the Spiritual college at Mantua this week. They report having had a splendid time.

Several of our workers went to Cuyahoga Falls Monday of this week to officiate at the funeral of brother C. L. Smith of that place, whose death was the result of a street car accident in Cleveland recently.

OBITUARY

C. D. Smith of Cuyahoga Falls, O.

Oliver B. Morris, county assessor of Jasper county, Mo., at his late residence, Carthage, Mo. Mr. Morris was a Spiritualist, his father and mother being well known in that faith for years.

Mrs. Ella Hetenhouser passed to spirit life in her thirtieth year on the 16th inst. at her home in Columbus, O. She was the wife of S. W. Hetenhouser, and leaves a loving husband and two children. The whole family are Spiritualists.

At his late residence near Sturgis, Mich., June 27, in the 39th year of his age, Melvin Wyland, a member of the Harmonial society of Sturgis and a magnetic healer by profession. Mr. Wyland leaves a wife and one child. The funeral services were conducted by Dr. Denslow.—Dr. A. D. Howard, Sec. of Harmonial society.

A GOLD BRICK.

"Students and reformers alone have discerned and feared the decay of public conscience and civic virtue. Private indifference to official scandals can not long co-exist with a republic. We have been fitting ourselves for the yoke, and at length the tyrant has appeared to place it on our necks. In this respect your own state of Pennsylvania has sounded a depth of corruption and shamelessness that makes its claim to self-government a farce. The vulgar spoilsman are your masters.

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"We open our morning paper to read of atrocities in the South and in the Philippines, which when committed by the Turk brought horror and indignation. Now we are a great assassin nation and the slaughter of patriots stains our hands. Helpless, as in a nightmare, we cry out in agony, and Christian ears are deaf. In hypocritically professing to democratize

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When the night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the day's occupations
That is known as the Children's Hour"

Address all Communications for this Department to its Editress, "Aunt Rose,"
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THE GRASS.

See the humble grasses,
With blades so few and slow,
Pressing the frozen clods between
To weave a delicate gauze of green
Under the melting snow.
Fresh with vigor and strong in faith,
Reaching into the frosty air—
Beautiful bravery, undaunted so,
Fall in the face of the cold and snow
To show a front so fair.

See the patient grasses,
Springing everywhere;
For there is no hillside or sweeping lawn,
Or humblest valley that sees the dawn,
But the grasses are growing there;
Trampled or bruised they will bide their
time,
For, worry them as you will,
Yet, spreading and thickening in sun and
dew,
Constant and patient, brave and true,
You will find them growing still.

See the flowering grasses,
In the summer fields;
Waving purple in the sun,
Bending low when day is done
And the fresh dews fall;
Now their triumphant hour is come—
Over them the wild bees hum
In content—birds on the wing
Pause their sweetest songs to sing
Sweetest songs of all—
Straying breezes, when they meet
In their midst, grow strangely sweet,
And the travelers, as they pass
O'er the hot and dusty way,
Look across the hedge and say,
"See the blossoming grass."

Let the humble grasses teach,
While into the frost they reach,
"All who seek to do the right,
Work by faith and not by sight."
Hear the patient grasses say,
Bruised and trampled in the way,
"To a strong and earnest will
All is easy—labor still.
See the waving grass express
Glad content and happiness—
Living joyful in the sight
Of the all-rejoicing light.

—Luella Clark.

ONLY A GIRL.

By May Hedrick.

"Good-bye, papa."

"Good-bye, my son; be kind to your
mother and sister, George," and Mr.
Haize kissed his little boy affection-
ately.

"Good-bye, papa," said a little girl,
struggling to keep back her tears.

"Good-bye, Beryl, my darling," said
her father, folding her to his breast.
In a moment Beryl's little arms were
thrown about his neck and she pas-
sionately sobbed. With another kiss
Mr. Haize tore himself away and was
soon upon the train. The brakeman
shouted "All aboard!" and the puffing
engine began to move fast, faster,
faster, until it has entirely passed
from their view.

"Well, Beryl, you're a brave a girl,
I must say," said her brother, as they
bent their steps homeward. "I never
saw such a baby in all my life."

Beryl said not a word, but walked
on in silence. When they reached their
home Beryl sat down under a large
apple tree while George went to the
swing.

"It's too bad," said Beryl to herself,
"that papa had to go just now, when
George will only be here a couple of
weeks, and then he must go back to
that horrid school again. However, it
is of no use crying here—crying won't
bring papa here any quicker and every

minute counts. George is only going
to be here two short weeks." So say-
ing, she arose and went over to the
swing.

"Hello, Beryl; gotten over your cry-
ing fit?" asked George, as he saw her
crossing the lawn. "Come and I will
swing you away high up."

"I don't care to swing high, George,
I have a headache."

"That's from crying, Beryl; this nice
cool breeze will soon take that away."
Beryl got in and George swung her.
"Don't swing so high, George, please
don't." But the swing went still high-
er, away up in the branches of the
trees. "George, don't swing any higher,
please." The boy kept on swinging, he
enjoyed hearing her scream and was
very fond of teasing. "George, if you
persist in keeping this swing so high,
kindly let me out," said Beryl, becom-
ing angry. George was enjoying it
immensely, and only pushed the
swing harder. Way up among the
beautiful green leaves Beryl was sent,
then away back again. "George, I am
getting dizzy; let me out, I say," called
his sister from among the green
leaves. "Dear me," answered George,
"a fellow can't have a bit of fun play-
ing with girls. They either have a
headache, or are dizzy or something.
Girls are all cowards."

"George, are you going to let me
out?" asked Beryl, quietly, ignoring
his last remarks. He did not answer
her, and before he knew it she was
lying upon the grass. Her rosy face
now white as snow and motionless.
Her brother was thoroughly alarmed
and bent over her. The movement
caused her to open her eyes. She arose
slowly and without a word walked
away. George looked after her in as-
tonishment. "Mercy me," he ex-
claimed, "who'd a thought that she'd
jump out of the swing when it was
a-going so fast? She has more cour-
age than I credited her for. I guess
I ought to have stopped. Poor Beryl,
she might have hurt herself, luckily
she didn't—but pshaw!" angrily, "it's
just like a girl to do such a thing,"
and he went into the house.

"Beryl, want to go fishing?" he
asked several days later, as he met
her on his road to the river.

"No, George, don't go fishing today;
stay home and we'll have some fun in
the yards."

"Can't have any fun with the girls,"
he answered.

"It's cruel of you to catch fish,
George Haize, and I hope you don't
catch a fish," she retorted. Beryl
spent that morning in reading and
wandering around. She was dread-
fully lonesome and kept looking up
and down the road, thinking George
would come home earlier. At last she
saw him climbing over the fence and
ran out to meet him. Now George had
unusual good luck and was in high
spirits. When he saw his sister run-
ning toward him he held up a long
string of fish, saying, "Your wish did
not come true, Miss Haize; I'm glad
you was not there, 'cause you'd a'
scared them," and with this rebuke
thrust at poor Beryl he marched on
toward the house.

"Mean old thing," said Beryl, an-
grily, he shan't have those fish," and

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she ran up behind him. George placed the string of fish upon the back veranda and went to put his pole away. In a moment Beryl seized the fish and ran back toward the river, and taking the fish off the string one by one, she threw them into the water, saying, "Swim away, fish, swim away; you'll not be eaten today, I don't think," and ran back to the house. Just as she reached home she heard George saying, "mamma, we can have a nice mess of fish today."

"No, you can't," said Beryl, "for I threw them all back into the river."

Mrs. Haize looked up from her sewing, while Tom burst out in angry passion. "You mean, jealous thing you; wait till I ever play with you again." Beryl stood quite still, looking at him. Mrs. Haize arose and laid her hand gently upon George's shoulder. Beryl walked away. "George, you must not allow your temper to control you, you must control it."

"That's a nice trick to play upon a fellow when he fishes all morning. I'll go fishing this afternoon and she shan't have a taste of them," he said. "I wish I was back to school again; one can't have a speck of fun when a girl's around."

"Oh, George," exclaimed his mother, reproachfully; "she is your sister."

"Yes," answered George, "wish I had a brother instead of a sister. Girls are not a bit of 'count."

(To be Concluded.)

Sioux City, Iowa.

Dear Aunt Rose: My grandma has been a subscriber for the Light of Truth for a number of years, and it is through her that I wish to be a correspondent for the Children's Hour. I am only 11 years old. I have been going to school and have been taking lessons in elocution. I have spoken in public several times. I am having a vacation through the hot weather. I expect to continue taking lessons and earn my living by it.

My papa died almost three years ago and mamma and I have been to a great many seances. I have seen my papa and talked with him face to face and was taken in the cabinet where the medium was, with hands and feet tied to a chair. My papa gave my grandma, mamma and myself a small shell. I saw some wonderful things at Maud Lord Drake's seances. I hope to see my letter in print. Yours truly,

HAZEL MOY.

514 Wall St.

We wish you success, Hazel, in your chosen work, for the well-trained elocutionist has the power to wield a mighty influence for good and may become a great teacher to those who come within her field of labor.

We are very thankful that you are permitted to see and converse with your father.

Aunt Rose has never been privileged to attend the wonderful seances of Maud Lord Drake, but she has friends who were convinced of spirit return through her instrumentality.

Neosho Rapids, Kan., June 18, 1899.

Dear Aunt Rose: I will write you a letter. I am nine years old. I have a doll and a white dog. I go to school and am in the third grade. I hear the spirit raps and I see spirits sometimes. My papa is a medium, and folks make fun of him, but when they lose some stock they come to him to know where to find them, and they find them where he tells them to go.

HATTIE MUSICK.

Lyon county.

What have you named your doll and dog, Hattie? "Ida May" is the name of the little maiden that came to gladden Aunt Rose's heart her fifth Christmas day, and she has always proved a very loving and dutiful child. Although she must feel quite neglected of late, still she never complains, and, when I enter her apartments always greets me with a smile.

Many pleasant hours have we spent together when an active imagination could convert chairs and tables into

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guests of honor and trees and stumps into vast listening audiences

One would naturally think that the people who "make fun" of your father's mediumship would be quite reluctant to acknowledge any faith in his powers, but then with such minds material gain is of much more moment than consistency.

WHAT DID THEY TEACH?

Before they had arithmetic,
Or telescopes, or chalk,
Or blackboards, maps or copybooks—
When they could only talk:

Before Columbus came to show
The world geography,
What did they teach the little boys
Who went to school like me?

There wasn't any grammar then,
They couldn't read or spell,
For books were not invented yet—
I think 'twas just as well.

There were not any rows of dates,
Or laws, or wars, or kings,
Or generals, or victories,
Or any of those things.

There couldn't have been much to learn;
There wasn't much to know,
'Twas nice to be a little boy
Ten thousand years ago!

For history had not begun,
The world was very new,
And in the schools, I don't see what
The children had to do.

Now, always there is more to learn—
How history does grow!—
And every day they find new things
They think we ought to know.

And if it must go on like this,
I'm glad I live today,
For boys ten thousand years from now
Will not have time to play!

—Selected.

A Quaker was once advising a drunkard to leave off his habit of drinking intoxicating liquor. "Can you tell me how to do it?" said the slave of the appetite. "Yes," answered the Quaker, "it is just as easy as to open thy hand, friend." "Convince me of that, and I will promise upon my honor to do as you tell me," replied the drunkard. "Well, my friend, when thou findest any vessel of intoxicating liquor in thy hand, open the hand that contains it before it reaches thy mouth, and thou wilt never be drunk again."

The toper was so pleased with the plain advice that he followed it.

THE BLUEBIRD.

O, Bluebird, up in the maple tree,
Shaking your throat with such bursts of glee,

How did you happen to be so blue?
Did you steal a bit of sky for your crest,
And fasten blue violets into your breast?
Tell me, I pray you, tell me true!

Did you dip your wings in the azure dye
When April began to paint the sky
That was pale with winter's stay?
Or, were you hatched from a blue-bell bright,
'Neath the warm, gold breast of a sunbeam light,
By the river one blue spring day?

—Sweet.

"True worth is in being, not seeming;
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good, not in the dreaming,
Of great things to do by and by."

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NEWS OF THE WEEK

The Brooklyn, N. Y., trolley cars are tied up again by a big strike.

Another feud broke out in Clay Co., Ky., by which five men were shot and killed.

Secreatry of War Alger tendered his resignation to the president on the 19th inst.

The Distillery Company of America, with authorized capital of \$125,000,000, was incorporated at Trenton, N. J.

A second strike by the employes of the Big Consolidated Street railway in Cleveland was inaugurated last week.

Colonel Robert G. Ingersoll died suddenly of heart disease at his summer home at Alston-on-Hudson at noon, Friday, July 21.

New York street car men joined the Brooklyn strikers on the 19th. Clashes between the people and the police caused many serious wounds. Cars were stoned and street traffic was blocked.

Mrs. May Wright Sewall of Indianapolis was elected president of the Woman's International Congress, which has just finished a successful meeting in London. The next meeting will be held in Berlin.

At the recent meeting of the Unitarian association in Boston very significant action was taken looking toward the establishment of closer co-operation between the Unitarian and Universalist denominations.

Judge Morrill, at Salt Lake City, imposed a fine of \$100 upon Angus M. Cannon, the defendant having by his attorney pleaded guilty to the charge of unlawful cohabitation. Cannon is the president of the Mormon church.

United States losses in the Philippines from August 6, 1898, to July 13, '99, were, according to a newspaper compilation: Killed, 260; died of wounds, 104; died of disease, 376; wounded, 1,496; captured and missing, 17; total deaths, 740; grand total 2,253.

Japan now occupies a new position among the nations of the world. Under the new treaties made by the Japanese government with the United States and the leading European countries, which went into effect last week, the Oriental empire is placed upon an equal footing with all the western powers.

Thomas E. Will, ex-president of the Kansas state agricultural college, has accepted the presidency of the new social science college to be established probably in Boston, as an outcome of the recent reform conference at Buffalo. Prof. Will was recently ousted from the Kansas college for telling too much truth.

Newspaper correspondents of leading American papers at Manila united in a statement to the effect that Gen. Otis and the press censorship are responsible for misrepresentations in the matter of news regarding the situation in the Philippines. They declare that the situation is far more serious than the people are aware of.

Miss Matilda Phelps of Baltimore, Md., entered suit in the superior court against the city for \$5,000 damages, claiming that on March 25 a physician from the health department visited the place where she was employed and vaccinated all the employes. Miss Phelps was vaccinated against her will. Her arm swelled up badly and she was incapacitated from work.

The arrangement of a new scale of wages between the tin plate trust and its operatives has been immediately

followed by an increase in the price of its products. In fact, the promised advance of 15 per cent. in the wages of the trust's employes, which took effect last week, was anticipated by an advance in the market quotations of ordinary tinplate from \$4 to \$4.25 per box.

The "kissing bug" (melanolestes picipes) has no poison glands, according to Prof. L. O. Howard, chief entomologist for the federal department of agriculture. "The poison from its bite," he states, "is probably due to pathogenic germs, accidentally carried upon the little serrated beak. There is no explainable reason why the lips should be the only portion of the face attacked."

Director Joseph W. Dusenbury was removed by the common council of Columbus from the department of public safety, on the ground that he was guilty of the extravagant expenditure of public funds; that he was inattentive to the duties of his office; that he had used bad judgment in the appointment of the police force, and that he had ignored the legislative branch of the city government.

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